

GRIFF

STORY
SECTION



Thanksgiving
Nov. 22, 1936



JUST TELL ME: How Will You Use \$3,000.00 Cash if YOU WIN it?

"SWIFF—I SKIMP AND SLAVE TO SAVE EVERY PENNY, BILL, STILL I CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET. IF ONLY THOSE OLD BILLS WERE PAID."

"I KNOW, IT'S HARD, DEAR, BUT THERE'S NO USE ASKING FOR A RAISE. I JUST HOPE MY JOB IS STEADY."

"WHY LOOK AT A \$3,000.00 PRIZE FOR SOMEONE JUST LIKE ME. I'LL SEND MY ANSWER RIGHT AWAY! BILL WORKS SO HARD. MAYBE I CAN HELP...AND THERE ARE A HUNDRED WAYS WE COULD USE THAT MUCH MONEY."



"GEE... LOOK BILL I HAVE WON! IT'S A PRIZE CHECK FOR \$3,000.00"

"OH! BOY! THAT'S A SMALL FORTUNE NOW OUR DREAMS CAN COME TRUE."

"I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT SUCH A SHORT TIME AGO WE COULDN'T EVEN PAY OUR RENT!"



Send Answer Quick For Opportunity to
WIN \$3,000.00 cash

What a fortune that would be for YOU! Think of it — **THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS in CASH . . .** and all you do to get this wonderful opportunity is write your answer on one of the easiest subjects you could possibly imagine. I'll bet right this minute you can think of many ways YOU could use \$3,000.00 in Cash. Would you remodel your home, or buy a new one . . . travel . . . get married . . . pay up old bills . . . or start a new business? **What would you do?** Just rush your answer and you'll be fully qualified for the opportunity to actually win **\$3,000.00 CASH** in our final Cash Prize distribution, details of which I'll send you at once. Think of it — one minute of your time brings you this Grand Opportunity to win a cool **\$3,000.00 in Cash**. Don't delay. Send your answer quick.

249 MORE Prizes
Not just One but **HUNDREDS** will win. Besides First Prize of \$3,000.00 (including the \$1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize for acting quickly), at a rate of \$200.00 a month, of a TRIP AROUND THE WORLD for TWO (two attendees paid), there is a Second Prize of \$1,000.00—Third Prize of \$500.00—4th Prize Grand and BEAUTIFUL of Special Prizes. \$1,750.00 in Cash plus to be distributed under my prize plan which your answer will bring—there'll be as many captioned prizes as there are lines.

CASH Compensation for EVERYBODY

We further provide for thousands of dollars to generate our CASH Compensation for EVERYBODY who successfully takes part in our first sharing plan. It's YOUR chance of a life time. You can't afford to lose a day because the very minute you send your answer you will be qualified for the opportunity to win \$1,000.00—in spend as you like—no strings at all.

\$1,000.00 EXTRA For Acting QUICK

Send NO MONEY Rush Answer NOW

Send your answer NOW. The quicker the better . . . because as soon as I get it I will tell you how my plan adds the \$1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize for acting quickly. This offer is open to anyone over 16 years of age within continental U. S. A. Only one answer from a family. Remember — **SEND NO MONEY** with your coupon. Just answer this question: "How will YOU use \$3,000.00 if you win it?" Use coupon below or a 1c postal card—TODAY.

JOE KEMPER, PRIZE MANAGER, GOLDEN SEAL PRODUCTS, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Want to win this Big Cash Prize? Of course you do and it may actually be YOURS! In fact, \$300.00 CASH is waiting RIGHT NOW for the winning answer to this question: "How will you use \$3,000.00 CASH if you win it?" What could be easier? Just a plain answer—20 words or less—will win this big Cash Prize. One thing is sure: Somebody is bound to get this Prize Money . . . it may as well be YOU. You are not asked to buy a thing . . . not even a box top or label is necessary. THIS IS ALL YOU DO toward winning this \$300.00 answer Prize . . . merely answer this question: "How will YOU use \$3,000.00 Cash if you win it?" Nothing fancy needed. Use plain everyday language. It's how you'd use the money that may decide you the \$300.00 Prize Winner. Just use coupon below or a 1c postal card Do it today — **RIGHT NOW!**

PRIZE MONEY—NOW WAITING IN BANK
This Big Prize Office is genuine and backed by the big old treasury for cash absolutely NO risk. If you win under the plan which your answer will bring, **WILL RIGHT NOW—this prize money—\$1,750.00 Cash—** is as good as in the Indiana National Bank one of the largest and oldest banks in the state, willing to be paid the winners in this big Prize contest conducted for the purpose of advertising and getting more people acquainted with "Golden Seal Products, Inc." Answers must be mailed not later than Feb. 27, 1937. So hurry! Be ahead of time!

\$300.00 PRIZE COUPON

JOE KEMPER, Prize Manager,
Golden Seal Products, Inc., Dept. M-3-1,
6-11 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Here's how I'll use \$3,000.00 Cash if I win it: —

NAME _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____
Write your answer above or on 1c postal card and mail today.



PRETTY MINER

BY
SCOTT
RYALL

A Humdrum Life / A Prank Conceived To Change It /
And A Girl Finds Herself Inextricably Entangled

CYNTHIA BLAKE did not bargain for everything she found at the Golden Eagle Mine. She did not, for instance, imagine that what started as a lark would involve her with a firm, if not vicious young man. Nor had she realized that the shoveling of wet, heavy muck was indispensable to mining and would result in blistered hands and aching pains in her back.

She had decided on the spur of the moment that life was becoming monotonous. Her catalog of accomplishments included everything but male impersonation and she planned to come as close to that as possible.

Her father was a director of the Golden Eagle and when she learned that the mine was taking on more men, she made her plans.

An obliging hairdresser did a fine job, converting her crown of soft brown hair to a masculine cut. Then she learned to wear men's clothes. She had seen enough women in trousers to know that the proper posture required knowledge. After that she taught herself to wear caps and hats so they didn't appear to be supported by her ears.

Cynthia delighted in doing things thoroughly, and when she left the train at Kingston, she was the personification of a slim wiry young engineer. Her carriage was erect. The delicate lines of her face were satisfactorily disguised by a firm gripping of the jaw.

"Too pretty for any use," she heard a gruff voice say, and turned quickly.

About her own age, he was slim, with a suggestion of tenacity and strength in whipcord muscles. His hair seemed redder than an Italian sunset and his eyes, deep brown, glared at her as only a mine foreman's would who expected beef and brown but found, instead, a youth of Adonis-like beauty.

"Who're you?" he snapped.

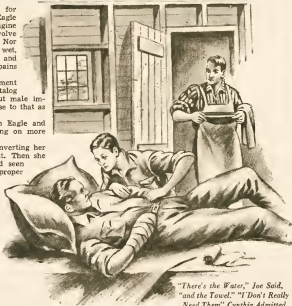
She looked at him coolly and curiously, slightly resentful of his tone. "I don't know that it's any of your business," she retorted, thankful for the low pitch which made her voice deeper than that of most women, "but if it makes you feel better, I'm John Anthony. I'm here to work at the Golden Eagle Mine. Perhaps you can tell me where it is."

He scowled at her thoughtfully. "And what do I do with meat like you?" he muttered critically. "I'm foreman at the Golden Eagle. Get on that truck."

She glared at him, but only for an instant. There was something about his manner which told her that he cared much more for mining than for good-looking miners.

Dignity and almost everything else seemed shaken loose by a sudden, violent blow on the seat of unstained corduroy riding trousers. She was lifted bodily from the ground, felt herself sailing awkwardly, ungracefully through the air and came down sprawling on hands and knees.

HER eyes were smarting as she looked back at that red-headed volcano. He was rattling off a choice line of expletives and she would have betrayed her



identity then and there had been not ended the interview abruptly.

"This isn't a pink tea," he said savagely, "and when I say get on that truck, you hop!"

She swallowed painfully. "Yes, sir," she answered and dragged herself up.

Three workers sat in the body of the truck and grinned throughout the performance. They, likewise, were newcomers, but were not chary in suggesting that sitting in a bucket of cool water might prove soothing.

"Red's a grand guy," one said to her, "I used to work with him up on Pine Ridge. He just likes you to know when he's right—and he generally is."

"Yeah," she answered, forcing a grin, "so I notice."

They jerked forward and for two

hours her mind and hands were occupied with keeping on the truck as it bounced over roads which would have been complimented had they been labeled "Dangerous but passable." The foreman drove the truck much as he appeared to drive men. It creaked and groaned with the strain as he went through dry washes. They tore down mountainous slopes at sickening speed, rocking dangerously.

Cynthia forgot her fears as they approached the picturesque mine, which seemed to spring like a growth from the mountainside.

There was a wooden tower rising above it, and a narrow-gauge track ran along the shoulder of the hill to a dump, down which the long sweep of raw earth looked like a scar against the brush-clad slope. A muck car, apparently a tiny, fragile thing, lay in the loose rock and dirt some 20 feet below the end of the track.

The truck stopped with a jerk before a rambling shack which had been bidden by the tower. Cynthia climbed down, already much aware of the bruise where the red-headed foreman had kicked her.

He was talking to a wrinkled little man who had come from the shaft on their approach.

"Hey, you!" the foreman called and

Continued on Page 25

STORY SECTION

Issued Every Week as a Part of



CONTENTS CONTINUED

[Fifty-fourth Year—No. 55]
[Story Section No. 2185]

Williamsport, Pa., November 22, 1936

The short stories and serials are printed here as fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real places or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.



Under Northern Stars

Continuing An Exciting Western Romance by WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

REVIEWING THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A STRANGER, seeing across a desert from man-hunters, has about reached the limit of his endurance when a rifle bullet whines past his head and causes him to dive from his saddle. He overtakes the running person who fired it and, thinking it is a boy whom he has captured, lashes out mercilessly with his quirt. He desists when he learns he is whipping a girl.

In the melee the girl alights him in the shoulder and the shock of this wound, added to the fatigue of his arduous flight from pursuers, renders him unconscious. The girl starts to ride away but the sight of the senseless man lying in the snow compels her to return. She helps him on his horse, even though she believes he is Clem Oakland, a desperado whom the entire countryside is seeking.

The girl tells the stranger she is Molly Prescott and he in turn introduces himself as Jeb Taylor. But because he is riding Oakland's horse, the girl doesn't believe him. Overtaken by a terrific storm, the girl would have perished of the cold and exposure had not the stranger half-carried, half-dragged her to one of her father's outpost cabins.

Molly and the man

who calls himself Jeb Taylor are storm-stayed several days in the isolated cabin. Then handsome young Sheriff Walsh leads a rescue party which reaches them. The cowboys who are with him look somewhat askance at the stranger who has been storm-stayed with their boss' daughter. Sheriff Walsh is friendly, although he notices that the hat which "Jeb Taylor" wears bears the initials W B in the sweat band. Molly's aunt, Mrs. Kate Macmillan, thinks her niece is disguised because she was compelled to live in the cabin with the man who rescued her after she wounded him.

Hard old Clint Prescott is out-spoken to Sheriff Walsh regarding the warfare he intends to wage on Clem Oakland. The sheriff cautions moderation, pointing out that the law must take its course. As they talk Jeb Taylor enters the room and old Prescott accuses him of being one of Oakland's men. The ranch owner's daughter, Molly, joins the conversation and refers to Taylor's evident idea of woman's place in the scheme of things.

CHAPTER IX

MOLLY turned to Taylor, her eyebrows lifted in a question. He understood that she did not intend to make her indictment specific. She was not going to tell what had taken place between them. Perhaps her pride influenced her. She might want him to know that she could fight her own wars without calling in others to aid her.

"Don't ask me," he said with a grim little smile. "I can't recognize this man you're telling about."

"No?" she said, scornfully incredulous.

"Do you happen to be a married man, Mr. Taylor?" the sheriff asked with a grin.

"I do not. Why?"

"I've noticed that makes a difference. It's we unmarried men that know how to bring up a wife in the way she should go. Later, our ideas are changed for us."

Molly found her book and departed. Taylor followed the girl from the room.

The owner of the Quarter-Circle X Y went back instantly to the previous question. "You noticed how he ducked out of giving any explanation of himself, Steve. When he claimed he didn't know Clem, he had his tongue in his cheek. By jacks, he 'most laughed in my face."

"I'm not so sure, Clint," the younger man demurred.

"You're easy satisfied if you think that fellow is here on legitimate business. An honest man doesn't have to hide information about himself."

"I didn't say he was an honest man."

"What'd you mean?"

"Nothing definite. I'm asking myself questions, Clint. I've seen that man somewhere, but I can't place him. Funny, too. He's not the kind you'd forget easily."

"You've probably seen him with Clem Oakland."

"I don't think so. I'd remember that. It's the association I don't get." Walsh looked with narrowed reflective eyes out of the window into a white world. His mind was searching for a clue that just escaped him.

"What's the sense in making a mystery out of him, boy? He comes on my range riding a C O horse. He can't tell where he got it or what he's doing here. So he just throws a bluff that it's none of my business."

Walsh shook his head. "So that proves him one of Clem's men. No, Clint. I don't reckon it's as simple as that. For one thing, he's riding Clem's own personal horse. I've seen it a dozen times, always with Clem in the saddle. Take your Black Bart. Do you let any of your boys take him on a long trip?"

"No, sir. Neither on a long nor a short one."

"Clem wouldn't turn over his sorrel to some one else any more than you would Black Bart."

"Then how did he get the horse?" Prescott asked impatiently.

"He gave us three guesses, that he borrowed, bought, or stole it. It's a cinch he didn't borrow or buy it."

The cattlemag's thick body straightened. "You think he stole it?"

"I don't know. He's no common horse-thief. There's more to the man than that. I haven't got him pegged, Clint. He may be one bad hombre. He's hard as nails, but he is strong and game. I'd pick him out of a thousand to ride the river with. That's one reason I can't feature him playing second fiddle to Clem Oakland or any other man. He's got all the earmarks of a leader."

"You're riding around in circles, Steve. He bought the sorrel, it was



loaned to him, or he stole it. You're trying to tell me he didn't do any one of the three. All right. How did he get it?"

"That's what I'm going to find out. But it will take time."

"Personally I'm satisfied he's one of Oakland's warriors. Soon as the roads open, I'll expect him to vamo. Until then he's a guest of the ranch, but I'm

not going to be a liar and pretend he's a welcome one."

Prescott rose, walked to the fireplace, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He had made up his mind. Since he was a stubborn man, Walsh did not attempt to change his opinion. Besides, there was always a chance that Clint was right. Taylor might be a C O rider. Taylor found Molly on the porch.

She was looking across the valley at the white hills which ran back to the Haystack Range. Except for the perpendicular face of Black Butte, the whole country was covered with a blanket of snow.

"So we're going to keep our little secret, you and I," he said mockingly.

She turned and looked at him. "Do you think I want my father arrested for murder?"

He raised his eyebrows in polite doubt. "Would it be as bad as that if we put our cards on the table? A shot from ambush, a knife-slash, and a whole flurry of kicks and fist jabs! If we set them against a quiting, wouldn't they count for anything?"

"I'm not going to risk it." The blue eyes blazed.

she had been poured into it. A delicate penetrating fragrance was wafted to his nostrils. Clothes had transformed her. She was no longer a boy-like hoyden in levis and high-heeled boots. The poised disdainful lift of the chin, the not defiant eyes, the stream-like line of the body, confounded his sense of cold superiority. In her superb insolence she looked so untouchable. It was amazing to recall that his knees had clamped down roughly the gracious torso, that the marks of his whip still discolored the firm white flesh of her limbs.

"Why waste all this chat on me, since it turns out I'm not Clem Oakland? Am I worth it?" he asked.

"Don't flatter yourself I hate you," she told him, a soft breathing color in her cheeks. "I despise you."

"No, you don't," he corrected. "That's what you'd like to do, because you're furious at me. But you can't make a go of it. Before you can despise any one, you have to feel he is base."

"And you're not?" she challenged.

"What do you think?" he drawled derisively.

"Can you deny that you're either a

The sardonic irritation rebuffed her. She became aware, through the acute disappointment that spurred her anger, how much she had wanted him to justify himself. Yet even now her feeling bore out his claim that she did not despise him, at least with no complete assurance. Something in him more potent than external evidence spoke in his behalf. He was hard. He might be lawless—a criminal even. But he was not base.

This was an absurd reaction to rest upon, she realized, and did not let it escape from her to him.

"Suits me. I'm not interested, anyhow," she said carelessly.

Her unconcern was a fraud. The man had occupied her thoughts day and night since they had met. She had cherished her hatred and searched for reasons to be scornful of him.

He laughed, harshly. "Not interested, eh? Let me tell you something, Mistress Katherine. You've spent hours figuring on how to get even with me. I'd not care to say how often you've clinched those pretty white teeth when anger boiled up in you. Tell me you hate the sight of me, and I'll believe you. But don't try to tell me you're indifferent after I've treated you the way I did. Not you."

The accuracy of his intuition surprised Molly. She flung away pretense. When she spoke a vibrant wire strummed in her voice.

"All right. I hate you. Let it go at that. There isn't anything more to be said, is there? Unless you are still presumptuous enough to think you can play Petruchio to me."

She turned on her heel and walked back into the house. A quarter of an hour later, some one knocked on the door of the little sewing-room where she and her aunt often worked. In answer to her "Come in," a young man stood hesitantly on the threshold, still holding to the doorknob. He did not seem quite sure whether he was welcome.

"Oh, it's you," Molly said coldly.

He was a rather small, neatly built youth, very good-looking if one did not object to a weak mouth and indefinite chin. His hair was dark and curly. In his face was a suggestion of sulkiness.

"Haven't had a chance to see you alone since—"

"—since you ran away."

"You haven't got the right of that, Molly," he explained. "How did I know you weren't right there at my heels?"

"I see. You didn't run away. You just left."

"Have it your own way," he said petulantly. "You will, anyhow. I never did see such a bossy girl in my life. After I found you weren't with me, I came back. But you'd gone."

"That makes it all right, then," she told him, with obvious sarcasm.

"Every one acts like I lost you on purpose," Jim Haley complained angrily. "All the boys down at the bunkhouse jumped me. I kept telling 'em you got lost in the storm. Honest, I was scared of your father, he got so wild. And Bob—"

spy of Clem Oakland's or a horse-thief?"

A whimsical and bitter smile twitched at his lips. "Let's not go into that. I'm like the Prince of Wales when he travels as Mr. Windsor. Since I'm incog, some questions embarrass me."

"I suppose so. But they wouldn't embarrass an honest man."

"You're passing judgment without waiting for the evidence," he mentioned.

"I'm ready to hear the evidence."

"But I'm not ready to offer it."

"We'll Talk
Business
Now, Mr. Webb
Barnett, the
Sheriff Said, 'You Understand
That You're My Prisoner?'"

at him. "Did you come out here to taunt me because I have to keep to myself how hateful you are? Don't you understand that I speak to you only while you're our guest?" After that you'll go your way and I'll go mine."

He felt less sure of himself than he had at Seven-Mile Camp. She was in a dress bought a few months earlier in San Francisco. It was an expensive gown of black velvet, trimmed with fur, and it fitted her slender body as though



He stopped, and for a moment his fingers caressed a cut cheek. A vain youth, he did not care to go into particulars as to what Bob Prescott had done to him.

Molly observed a black eye and an abrasion on the chin. She regarded them with a certain amount of satisfaction. "So Bob objected, did he, because you left his sister alone in a blizzard? Seems unreasonable."

"He's bigger than I am," Jim said sullenly. "And I kept telling him I didn't leave you. I went back to look for you."

"Bob's 18 and you're 23. It's too bad he whipped you. Did you come to me for sympathy?"

"You know why I came, Molly. I want to fix it up. I want you to get it right. If you tell folks I wasn't to blame, they won't all act like I was some kind of a skunk that had drifted in. I don't know what you've got to blame me for. Naturally I lit out. I figured you were foggin' in my heels. When I found out different, I turned around and hunted you."

"But by that time Mr. Taylor and I were on our way," she jeered.

"Did he—act mean?"

Molly looked at her second cousin. There was something unorthodox in that contemptuous regard, but he got perfectly the sharp sarcasm of her words.

"Oh, no. Said he liked being shot at. Said he was pleased to meet me, and it was too bad I wasn't a better shot."

"As the old saying goes, all's well that ends well. He looked after you well as I could have done. I'm the one that gets the worst of it."

"Yes, I had a delightful time. I ought to be grateful to you for running away. Excuse me, I mean for leaving."

"Did you—say anything to this Taylor about—?"

"No, I didn't. Neither to him nor to anybody else. You needn't worry about that."

"I didn't say I was worrying. I'm not scared of him or anybody else. If he didn't treat you right, all you've got to do is tell me and I'll have a run-in with him."

"I'm afraid you'd be too far away to hear. If I have any complaints, I'll make them to Dad—or to Bob." She added the last three words with a malicious smile.

That smile was a whiplash to his self-esteem. He had not behaved well, and he knew it. But he wanted to convince her that he had taken the only course possible. Once more he plunged into an explanation of his conduct.

"If you're satisfied with yourself, why talk so much about it?" she asked when he stopped for breath.

"Because folks have got me wrong. They're acting like I quit on you, Molly. I'm entitled to fair play like any one else," he pouted.

"I think you're getting a little better than fair play, Jim, if you want my opinion," she said bluntly.

"Now, looky here, Molly. You know how I feel about you. You know ever since I've been a kid I—"

She broke in, sharply. "That's enough about that, Jim. I don't ever want to

hear another word of that kind out of you. Not ever. I won't listen to it. I'm just not going to be annoyed."

"It didn't used to annoy you," he reminded her peevishly.

"I used to like all-day suckers, but I don't care for them now. So please remember. Make eyes at some other girl. I won't be bothered with you. I've told you this before. Cut it out."

There was exasperation in her voice. She was ashamed for him and for herself that he could show himself a poltroon and expect to talk to her of love. His stupidity seemed to stress the unmanly thing he had done. Molly had been brought up in that outdoors which is still close enough to the frontier to demand of its dwellers courage as the first virtue. To have pluck was no special merit. Not to have it was a fatal lack.

He covered his retreat with dignity. "All right. If

He flung out of the room in a pet, his dignity entirely forgotten.

THE living-room of the Quarter-Circle X Y ranch bouse was a pleasant place to rest. Molly had furnished it herself. She had consulted with a Denver interior decorator and had achieved a happy result. The subdued homelike warmth of the drapes blended excellently with the furniture and the dominating fireplace at one end of the big room.

Jane Macmillan sat in an armchair knitting a sweater. She had an old-fashioned conscience which felt easier when her hands kept busy. Walsh was at a card-table playing solitaire, Taylor at one side of the open fire reading a book. The fourth person present was Molly. She moved about restlessly, now fiddling with the radio, now looking over



She Was in an Expensive Gown of Black Velvet, Trimmed With Fur, and It Fitted Her Slender Body as Though She Had Been Poured Into It

that's the way you're going to act," he said loftily.

"That's exactly how I'm going to act."

"When a fellow comes and explains—"

"Don't be an idiot, Jim. There are some things that can't be explained."

"Some day you'll be sorry—"

"Yes, I know. When I see you making another girl happy with your attentions. But I'll try to bear up and hide my breaking heart."

"You always were high-hat, like you were the Queen of Sheba or something," he accused resentfully.

"Was she that way too?" Molly asked guilelessly.

the shoulder of the solitary player. "You can move that queen," she told him.

"So I can." He made the move and uncovered a seven of spades. Presently he said: "We're leaving tomorrow morning, Mr. Taylor and I."

"Sure you can break through, Steve?"

"Think so. A lot of snow melted in—"

Continued on Page 16

Some Interesting News for Readers
Consult freely the merchandising columns of this issue. You will find the advertisements contain most interesting news of the latest and best merchandise obtainable for all uses.



Wherever You Are

The Poignant Story of a

BY BEATRICE S. PAINTER

..... Girl Who Didn't Understand Her Own Father



IT WAS twilight when she alighted from the bus in the village. A sardonic smile lifted the corners of her mouth but the gray eyes set in the small oval face were unsmiling. Home. She supposed she should have looked about her eagerly to see what changes six years had wrought on this place which for 29 years had been her home. But she trudged up the deserted street looking neither to right nor to left. Passing the last house on the street she followed the road which was its continuation. With dragging steps she ascended the hill. If she had telephoned old Phrony would have had Tim, or his successor, meet her in the village.

But she hadn't telephoned. She had wanted to walk; wanted to be alone yet a little longer with her own thoughts. But suppose she had telephoned; would it have been Tim who would have met her, or was Tim long since gone? Would there be changes at the old place? She thought not. Her father hadn't been a man given to changes.

Her father, had he changed; had he aged; had he softened with the passing years? She gulped back what might have been a sob, but could not be. You didn't cry about a thing or person you hated. You just concealed your anger, or disgust, or whatever the emotion was that seized you, smiled a cool sloop smile, and went about the business of getting what you wanted out of life without indulging in tender memories. Tender memories. After all what tender memories had she to indulge in? Hate. That wasn't a tender memory, and hate was the only memory she had.

What a fool she had been to come back now. Only recently she had achieved that serenity of mind which like a thin coating of ice hid the turmoil beneath, hid the hate which was the very core of her being. Only recently she had come to pass entire days without experiencing anew the agonies of that hate. What a fool she had been to come back now to all the things that would disrupt that serenity and bring alive that old anger and hurt.

Why had she come? What if old Morley had wired her that her presence was needed to straighten up her father's affairs. She shouldn't have come. They could have mailed her any papers on which her signature was required. What did she care if her father's affairs were never straightened up? What had he ever done for her to warrant consideration even in the settling of his estate? What if everything he had owned was left to her? She didn't want it. She hated it; hated everything that had been his. Hated every acre of the ranch which had been her home for 29 years. Particularly did she hate the garden plot and the corn fields in which she had been forced to spend so many hours with

aching back and blistered hands, weeding and hoeing. Hours when she had longed to play, or read, or work about the house as did other girls of her acquaintance.

The memory of that long-legged, loveless little girl in overalls bending to uncongenial tasks brought a lump to her throat. With her hand on the gate she looked out over the rolling fields; the brook at which the cattle were drinking, just as they had the morning she had gone away; the house with its wide veranda which looked so home-like, but which brought no comforting memories. Here, all hers, but she didn't want it; didn't need it. Her salary as a magazine illustrator was a neat little income. The

was thoughts of that small, overall-elastic figure which had put it there.

Much later, old Phrony, still wet-eyed, fussed about her, tucking her into the great four-poster bed, just as she had done, stealthily, in those long ago days.

"Child, child," the old voice pleaded, "if you would only let yourself cry. 'Twould do you a sight of good. 'Tain't right to bottle yor feelin's up inside you that away."

"Cry?" Scorn clipped the word short. "Cry for him? Phrony, I'm surprised at you. Why should I cry for him? Why do you cry? He'd laugh if he could see you now. He doesn't deserve your tears."

"Matlie," the old voice was firm now, "hush them words! 'Tain't fittin' to speak so of the dead, and him your own father. I know you think you hate him. Maybe you do. Maybe you got a right to. I used to thank so. Now I'm not so sure. Anyhow now's no time to do it. What if he was hard on you? He was your own father, your only kin. And now he's gone to his reward. And furthermore even if he was harsh he loved you."

"Loved me?" Phrony, because he's dead there's no sense in gilding the lily."

"Gilding the what? Oh, yes, I guess I know what you mean, but your fancy words ain't goin' to shut old Phrony up. You needs to be told a few things and I'm goin' to tell you. Money, you know old Phrony wouldn't hurt you for the world, but she's goin' to do some plain talkin' to you if it's the last thing she ever does and if you hate her ever after for doin' it."

The girl, surprised at the old woman's vehemence and the misplaced ardor for one who had never shown her more consideration than he had shown his stock, lay back on the pillow and listened.

"Maybe he was a hard man, but he was a just one. If he owed a man he paid him. If a man owed him he seen to it that he got his pay. That's just good business even if some folks does call it bein' tight. And he was just, I tell you, for if the man who owed him couldn't pay up account of sickness, or poor crops, or such, I never heard tell of him pushin' him. When the Aikens' house burned down and them without money and no security to get a loan with to build another, 'twas him who advanced them the money for it."

"Yes, yes, I know." The girl's voice was impatient. "But Fred Aiken paid back every cent."

"Sure. But he owed it and should pay it back as soon as he could."

"As for his stock," the girl was bitter. "Yes, he was kinder to his stock than he ever was to his own daughter."

Continued on Page 18



Soft, Slim Hands Trembled as They Lay the Sheets Down and Picked Up Another

little flat in the city which she called home was a cozy place. There she spent happy hours; could do as she pleased; hang what pictures she pleased. Her heart missed a beat and she gripped the gate a little harder.

Then the door opened and old Phrony came hobbling to meet her. Old Phrony, wet-eyed as she had been that morning six years ago when she had bid her goodby. Old Phrony, the only creature on the place whom she had ever cared a bit about or who had ever cared for her.

Later, standing by the casket, looking into the still white features of her father's dead face, she shed not a single tear. A lump was in her throat but it



Starlight Pass

TOM GILL'S
CONTINUING THRILLING MELODRAMA OF THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALMENT

A MYSTERIOUS stranger who says his name is Corrin North arrives in the lumber town of Wolfhead, Wyoming, and meets the powerful and brutal Jean L'Abat in a boxing show promoted by Bert Pogue, weakling of the North Continental Development Company. North, weakened by hunger and a recent fever, loses the bout but acquires a friend in Harry Mills, a forest ranger.

Henri Guthrie, wife of the forest supervisor, learns that North and Catherine Mirov, daughter of the company doctor, have known each other in the past. But the girl will not let Corrin speak of their relations of the past after telling him that she is engaged to marry Pogue.

Harry Mills is assaulted in his cabin, but North and Miss Mirov nurse him back to health. The two men make it appear they are enemies so Corrin can get in Pogue's confidence and help block the executive of the development company in his scheme to gain control of all the lumber, minerals, and water power in the state.

CHAPTER XX



WITHOUT waiting for reply Cass made off at right angles to the approaching fire, and after a second's hesitation, Nan hurried close behind her. But as the old man jerked the reins to follow, the mare, terrified at the roar of the oncoming flames, or rebellious at the unfamiliar touch of a stranger, reared back on her hind legs, and turning in the air, bucked twice.

Caught unaware, Buffalo groped wildly for the saddle-horn, lost his balance, and fell heavily among the pine needles while the mare, free now from all restraint, whirled up the trail with a clatter of pounding hoofs and disappeared behind the smoke pall.

In a second the two girls were kneeling at Lakin's side, and supported by their strong arms, he half rose, as if in a daze, then shook his head feebly. Desperately Nan looked up.

"Go ahead, Cass. You can't do any good here. We'll make it somehow. Don't stay with us."

But Cass, with both arms beneath the old man's head, was gently shaking him from side to side.

"Try to get up," she urged, her low voice resonant with the quickened sense of danger. "You must get up. We'll help you. Come—you can make it."

Slowly in response to her insistence Buffalo struggled to his feet, and now they led him slowly out of the clearing toward the slope that stretched down through the forest into Sheridan Creek.

Just as they entered the timber, Cass cast one last anxious look behind. It would be a close race. Already brands and burning bark were falling about the shack, and on the further edge of the clearing the dry grass had begun to crackle—certain forerunners of the nearing fire of fire.

But she only said, "A little faster," and with redoubled effort the two girls helped the old man on. Once he stumbled to his knees and for a tortured second all hope left Cass' heart, but doggedly he pulled himself to his feet again, and in another moment they were scrambling down the moss-covered banks of the creek. On the very edge

Cass paused, looked about her, as if at a loss, then led the way upstream while ever louder from behind them came the deepening roar of fire.

Buffalo heard that dominant rolling as of a thousand distant drums that seemed to fill the very sky.

"She's jumped into the tops," he muttered. "Even a man on horseback couldn't run it out now."

Cass made no answer. She too knew the deadly meaning of the crown fire—the fire that leaps from tree top to tree top, sweeping destruction in its roaring path, the fire all living things must flee or perish. The disaster long dreaded by the rangers had come at last.

They hurried on. It was perpetual twilight here beneath the interlaced branches of fir and spruce, and Cass peered anxiously ahead through low drifting smoke, then almost at once saw what she had been seeking. Up there, up on the nearer side of the creek, a huge boulder jutted out, extending half way to the other bank, and with a cry of relief Cass waded waist deep into the stream.

Wonderingly the two plunged after her, feeling their way along the granite face of the rocks, and rounding a sharp turn, they saw that she had led them into a kind of enclosure, semi-cove within the stream itself. Above them a narrow slit revealed the smoke-laden sky, and far back in the dim obscurity, Cass stood beckoning, knee deep in the water.

Secure Grit Regularly

IN ORDER to secure GRIT regularly give the dealer or salesboy in your town a definite order for weekly delivery.

GRIT is pre-eminently the World's Largest, Best, and Most Complete Family Newspaper. It brings into the American home each week an elevating, refining and inspiring influence. In no other publication can so much valuable information be secured for five cents.

If you have trouble in securing regular delivery, send us \$2 and your full address, and GRIT, together with the Story Section, will be sent to your post office or delivered by your mail carrier \$2 weeks without further difficulty.

GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.

Jack Guthrie disappears. North tracks his abductors to an isolated cabin and learns that Jean L'Abat is their leader. He rescues the rescue of Guthrie, shooting a guard to death in the attempt. Next Pogue isn't certain Corrin released Guthrie, so North retains his job as one of the bosses in the ongoing lumbering operations at Wolfhead.

The spring breakup comes unexpectedly and Pogue's crews labor incessantly to get the logs into the river so they will float on the swollen bosom of the stream to the mills below. Leading the men in their efforts are L'Abat and North. These two, along with Mills, dynamite a jam. Mills falls and is in danger of being crushed to death. North makes an heroic rescue, risking his own life for that of a friend.

In an attempt to discredit the forest rangers, Pogue has some of his most desperate aids start forest fires. Catherine Mirov is trapped in one of these while visiting her friend, Nan Lakin. Putting old Buffalo Lakin astride their only horse, they set out to escape the roaring flames. Being most familiar with the country, Miss Mirov is the guide.

"If we keep our faces close to the surface, I think we can let the fire go over us. These rocks are thick. They'll never heat up. If only the smoke doesn't choke us," she added.

For the old man had given away to a fit of coughing until he leaned weak and spent on the shoulder of the girl.

"How did you find this?" Nan whispered.

"We used to come here to swim—Helen and I—years ago." She looked at the narrow ribbon of reddening sky above and at the cliffs that rose, turret-like, across the stream.

"If only the smoke stays up," she said, more to herself than to the girl.

Nan nodded. "We'll know quite soon enough."

She was right. Almost at once the first wall of flame was on them. With a roar, with a savage crash of angry flames, the heavens had turned from lurid brown to a blaze of yellow light, and across the creek the air was filled with thousands on thousands of burning brands, floating down like a glittering shower of fire from the blazing sky. They fell with a soft, unceasing hiss into the water, or thudded upon the stream bank, while the wind with ever increasing violence whirled out over the surface of the creek to howl its way up through the fir trees on the farther slope.

A world of flame. A world of swirling smoke and wind-lashed waters. From up the creek a startled deer paused in full flight, a spotted fawn cowering at its side. Blinded and crazed with terror, they leaped the stream and ran straight into that hell of flame. With a little shudder Cass raised both hands to her eyes.

Wave after wave of heat surged over them. Protected as they were by sturdy walls of granite, it soon grew stifling within that narrow space, and now all three were crouching above the cold waters, keeping their faces close to the surface, where the air was most free from smoke.

Nan watched Buffalo anxiously. Haggard and with reddened eyes he leaned forward, panting like a dog, but sensing her fear, he only shook his head.

"It'll be all right," he gasped. It grew darker. Blue-gray clouds of smoke rolled in upon them, blinding

them with its stinging presence, gripping their lungs, and from time to time Cass raised a handful of water to Buffalo's mouth to release that growing tension in his throat. Beneath the strain the old man's eyes had closed, and with both arms Cass supported him, biding his face just above the water. She could feel the chill touch of his skin on her hands.

Slowly an hour, two hours dragged by. The roar of the fire was passing to the north, but still against the cliff across the creek they could catch the reflection of blazing trees and hear the soft hiss of flaming fragments falling into the water. Beneath the waist both girls were numb. All feeling had left them, and once in desperation Nan started to leave the shelter of the cave, but Cass held her back.

"Not yet," she warned. "Wait a little. I think the smoke's clearing."

Watching, waiting, they crouched back in silence. Then—it seemed hours later—Cass heard a faint scratching from above, and looking up, saw silhouetted against the sky a shaggy, wolf-like animal gazing at them. She stared, then with a glad cry called to Nan.

"It's Bounce!"

She shouted twice, but already the dog had disappeared, and a moment later they heard him barking in the distance. Louder and nearer the bark came, and now North's head loomed against the sky as shading his eyes, he tried to pierce the dim obscurity of that rocky cavern. But before he could see them, Nan called, "Corrin's here. We're down here. We're safe."

"Is Cass there?" The note of anxiety was unmistakable, and even through her numb body Cass felt a thrill.

"Yes, I'm here." She wondered at the sudden weakness of her voice.

"Thank God! Wait where you are, all of you."

Scrambling down the face of the rock, he came wading toward them through the shallow waters. Nan gasped at the sight of him. Hatless, clothes torn, his face was streaked with soot and sweat, his eyes reddened and half closed by the smoke.

"Thank God!" he said again, and reaching forward, touched Cass as if to make sure of her presence. For a long, tremulous moment he said no more, then, "You can come out now. The forests are hot underfoot, but we'll go up on the bank. It's still dangerous back in the timber. Trees have been falling all morning." He looked into Buffalo's face, then picked the old man up and followed by the two girls carried him outside.

Numb, cold and shivering, Cass and Nan sought out the first sunny spot on the bank. Audibly Nan's teeth chattered.

"Talk about cold storage," she said, then closing her eyes, lay back and her whole body trembled from head to foot.

North's eyes raised to Cass but she shook her head. "I'll be all right soon."

He took Nan's hands in his and chafed her wrists until the first faint flush of blood began returning to her blue lips.

"That's better," he smiled.

Feebly old Buffalo opened his eyes and sat looking back at the smoke-filled forest. "Did the fire do much damage?" his old voice quavered.

"A clean sweep. It started yesterday. The rangers got a line around it by midnight, and everything seemed safe until the wind shifted. A gale sprang up be-

North shrugged. "What's been starting all these fires? Well, so long as it didn't get any of you—" He looked down at his torn clothes, then laughed at a sudden recollection. "Guthrie singed off most of his fine mustaches trying to force a way up to your cabin when he heard you were all there. Nobody could get through."

"How did you?" Nan asked.

"I didn't. I came around and cut in behind it." He glanced down non-committally at his boots, the soles charred and cracking from walking among hot wood ashes.

Again he saw Nan shiver, and rising, North helped her to her feet. "You need hot coffee and dry clothes, little sister. I'll take you out to the woods road. We'll get one of the teams to give you a lift as far as the Swede Camp."

Skirting the burning timber, they made their way over ashes that were still warm out to the main logging road, where North helped Buffalo and Nan into a light buckboard.

"Room for you too, Cass," he said, but she shook her head.

"I'll have to get back to Wolfhead as soon as I can. Father knows I am up here and he'll be wild with worry until he sees me."

Followed by North, she turned off down the trail, and near the path to his own cabin she stopped and held out her hand in farewell.

"I must hurry," she began, and her voice sounded curiously weak. For a moment she stood there looking uncertainly about her, then suddenly she recoiled. The strain, coupled with that long vigil in the icy waters had taxed her strength more than she knew, and crumpling, Cass fell prone at the man's feet.

Stooping, he raised the wet, limp body and ran down the trail to his cabin. The door stood open, and laying her on the narrow bunk, North drew off her riding boots and stockings, then wrapping her feet in a blanket, covered the girl with a thick sugar. Water was simmering in a kettle and within a few moments the odor of boiling coffee began to spread through the cabin.

He laughed with relief when Cass opened her eyes. "This may not be the orthodox prescription, but I thought it would bring you to." And raising her head, he held a cup to her lips.

"Did I faint?"

"Something like that. You've been through too much. Feel better now?"

She took another sip of coffee then lay back on the pillow, and he could see her cheeks gather color.

"I feel wonderful. I'm actually warm again."

He tucked the sugar cloth about her neck, and Cass felt his hands tremble.

With sudden anxiety she cried, "Are you hurt?"

He saw that his big brown hands were shaking and resentfully he clenched them, then turned away.

"Frightened, she half rose from the cot. "Corrin, you're trembling."

"That surprises you, does it?" His voice surged in a sudden angry outburst. "You see me trembling and you can't imagine why. Perhaps that's because you don't know what it is to hunt for



"I Let You Go Once, Cass—" She Felt Corrin's Arms Tighten About Her. "I'll Never Let You Go Again!"

hand it, the fire whipped through the canyon, jumped into the tops and ran like a race horse across the valley. If the wind rises again this

afternoon it'll burn its way to timberline. The boys from the lower camp got out just in time. They lost all the buildings, and Long Williams lost his team. Then word came that Cass was up at your cabin. I was afraid you were in direct line with it, so I called the men out from the Swede Camp—they've been hunting all morning for you."

Nan tried to smile. "That means our chateau's gone up in smoke."

"I got to it this morning, just after the fire passed. The cabin and barn were just two piles of cinders. Everything's burned this side of Sheridan Creek and on the other side clear to the Pass."

"What started it?"

some one you're afraid to find—some one who may be lying up in the forest where the fire passed. Maybe you don't know what it is to go calling as I have from dawn until noon, dreading to take the next step for fear I'd find you too late." Filled with reproach, the man's deep voice rumbled in that little cabin. "Do you think that's reason enough for my hand to shake a little?" He laughed, but there was no happiness in that laugh. So harsh and mirthless was it that Bounce looked up uneasily from beneath the table.

"Yes, I suppose it's a little comic to tremble for the life of a girl who lied to me and played with me." Striving for calmness, North reached within his pocket, and drawing out tobacco, tried to roll a cigar. But the tobacco spilled through his fingers, the paper tore, and throwing the thing from him, he would

The voice softened. "And yet that couldn't have been the girl I knew less than a year ago. Was it a game you were playing then, Cass?"

"Were you afraid of me down there in New Mexico?"

"Terribly—we were both mad."

"I wonder—I only know I was happy. Yes, perhaps it was mad—for both of us. You didn't even know who I was. You didn't know anything about me."

"I don't know."

"Why should you now?"

"Why?" Her hands, like the hands of a frightened child were on his shoulders, her hair, still wet from the waters of the creek lay, close about her forehead. Dimly they realized that the anguish of the long morning had torn away barriers from between them, and within her she felt a yearning she thought had long been laid to rest.

"Listen, Corrin." The voice scarcely disturbed the midday silence of the cabin's gloom. "No matter whatever happens, no one will ever mean to me what you have meant." The words were almost a whisper,

Bounce broke the stillness, and startled, they turned toward the door.

There, outlined against the daylight, Bert Pogue stood watching, and behind him Jean L'Abat grinned over his master's shoulder.

CHAPTER XXI

UNHURRIEDLY North released the girl.

In the half darkness of the cabin Pogue's eyes gleamed faintly and the lines on his thin face deepened while, in threatening silence, he regarded Cass.

"I've been looking for you since daylight." The voice, when at last he spoke, sounded curiously muffled, as if only by a violent effort he held himself in control. "Men are hunting for you on every trail and logging road. But ——" his eye drooped, "I hardly expected to find you here."

Briefly Cass told him of the long vigil in Sheridan Creek with Nan and Buffalo, while Pogue and Jean listened intently.

Once L'Abat laughed. "So the fire almost got old Buffalo," and he grinned toward his master.

"I knew father would be frantic with fear," Cass went on, "and I started down the trail. Then just outside this cabin I fainted." She stopped. A little flush rose to her cheeks.

Pogue's fingers were moving restlessly. "I advise you to hurry down to Wolfthead and tell your father you're safe." His tongue seemed to loosen—but the fingers still plucked without ceasing at his quirt. "My horse is outside—take him."

"Aren't you coming down?"

His face twitched. "No, there are one or two things I want to take up with North."

She sensed the half hidden menace in the man's words, and turned questioning eyes on North, but Corrin nodded. "They must be worrying about you, Cass. Better go," he urged.

Partly reassured, the girl drew on her stockings, thrust her feet into boots that were still wet, then throwing off the coverings North had wound around her she stood up. Uncertainly she steadied herself against the bunk.

"Sure you can make it?" Quick concern was in North's voice.

"Surely."

He lifted her into the saddle, then calling to his dog, pointed down the trail. "You go along, boy."

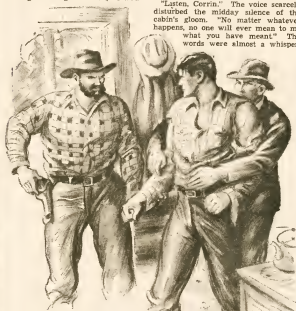
"What can Bounce do?"

"He can tell me that you got there safely."

Cass picked up the reins. "Thanks for hospitality and a warm blanket." With a last glance at Pogue standing grimly silent in the doorway, she turned, and followed by the dog, rode down the trail.

No one spoke until the sound of the horse's hoofs had died away. Outside, far off clouds of smoke were darkening the sun, throwing the little cabin into even deeper obscurity, rendering unreal those three watchful figures within the shadows. With studied care North folded the blanket, laid it at the foot of the bunk, then looking up at Pogue, broke the long silence.

Continued on Page 26



Wrestling Both Arms About North's Body,
Pogue Called Shriilly to L'Abat, "Draw,
I've Got Him! Draw!"

have turned away only her hand still held him, and now she leaned closer.

"Corrin, please!" Her own eyes had saddened, reading the pain in his. "We've been through too much today, both of us. I'm done up." She forced a weary smile. "But I don't want you to think I ever lied to you. It wasn't that." She stopped, as if at a loss. "Some things, Corrin, are so hard to put in words."

North's eyes were still rebellious. "Once I heard Helen Guthrie say that all men who know you sooner or later fall under your spell. Is that what you want out of life—to make love a game? If it is, I tell you it's a rotten game."

the merest echo of a whisper, while she looked up at him with unflinching eyes.

For a moment only that silence endured, and now North was leaning over her, now he raised her in his arms.

"I let you go once, Cass——" She felt his arms tighten about her. "I'll never let you go again."

Her eyes had closed. The warmth of his lips was against her lips, and with a last effort she raised her hand. But the hand barely brushed his cheek, then fell back to her side. Locked to him, her face hidden against him, time for her had ceased. That nightmare of fire was forgotten—nothing existed but the security and peace of those surrounding arms.

Suddenly a low warning bark from

The Thanksgiving Of Jud Sloan

His Inheritance Was a Bitter Hate...
But His Enemy Showed Him Love

London Key



Jud Sloan Spoke
Again: "I Want to
Bow My Head"

JUD SLOAN hated old man Arlington. And Jud Sloan had only one reason for hating him—Jud Sloan's father had hated old man Arlington. So it was part of Jud Sloan, this hate.

And Jud Sloan's father had hated old man Arlington because he had always lived in the big mansion on the hill, and the big mansion had never been hospitable to the Sloans, and their like. Old man Arlington had always driven behind sleek horses, with a coachman; and latterly, in sleeker automobiles, with a chauffeur. And old man Arlington was fat, had always been, well fed, carefully clothed, soft handed—not like Jud Sloan's father who had been a brawny man, big and coarse and brown and desperately poor—and not like Jud Sloan himself, who was exactly like his father had been. So the Sloan hate had been born of envy.

Then, too, so Jud thought, old man Arlington had killed Jud's father. True, the elder Sloan had been struck by a falling log down at the mill, but it was Arlington's mill. Long brooding over the suddenness of it had made, in Jud's mind, old man Arlington responsible.

So, Jud Sloan hated old man Arlington, and his lip had curled this Saturday afternoon when he saw old man Arlington being driven past, going down to the mill. It was a half holiday. There were none down there except a watchman.

"Sneakin'," Jud Sloan had said to himself. . . . And his reply was aury and his eyes full of his hate, when, after a few minutes, old man Arlington's car came back and stopped at the Sloan gate. Old man Arlington sat in the tonneau.

"Young man, come here!"

Jud Sloan, seated indolently on the

porch, took his time. "Calls me like a dog!" he muttered. And his steps were slow to the gate. He eyed old man Arlington sullenly. "What is it?" he said.

"There's a log," began old man Arlington without preliminary, "hanging in the unloading crane. I want you to come down and lower it. It's dangerous—may hurt somebody—just stand on the running-board."

Jud Sloan's hatred flared within him. He, himself, had charge of that unloading crane. He had left that log suspended when the quitting whistle had blown. . . . He was waiting for old man Arlington's chauffeur to turn the car around—

"The dirty sneak!" he repeated to himself, savagely. "That log wouldn't fall in a thousand years!"

They were moving down to the mill. Jud Sloan was standing on the running-board. "This is where his dog rides!" he thought bitterly. . . .

Keller, that is to say, Madge Keller, R.N., who had charge of the accident ward, was tired. She had had two bad cases that Saturday afternoon. There had been a farmer who had tried to rescue his horses from a burning barn—His condition was terrible. Keller had worked hard, tirelessly; and he was quiet now. The other—a young lineman had fallen from a high pole—

Christmas Dollars Buy More This Way

You have often given books for Christmas. This year give Grit. The cost by mail, anywhere in the U. S., is only \$2 for an entire year, or just the cost of one good book. Yet, in volume and quality of reading matter, a year's subscription for Grit equals a large number of excellent books. Subscriptions will start with any issue you name. Send your orders without further delay.

had been in shock. But he, too, was comfortable now, sleeping.

With no calls to answer for the moment, Keller sank on to a chair in the utility room. Brownie, who was "specializing" a man in 262, came in.

"Washing you were a stenographer, aren't you, Keller?" said Brownie out of long experience.

"Or something," answered Keller wearily.

"Well, don't forget, they always come in threes," consoled Brownie brightly. She was skillfully leading a hypo.

"Angel!" But Keller's sarcasm was too listless to have any sting—and besides the phone was ringing. . . .

"Accident, Keller, two cases, unconscious, beds warmed, get both ready for operating," dropped the telephone operator downstairs.

Brownie smiled sympathetically. "Told you they come in threes—"

But Keller's listlessness was gone now. She was already testing heating pads. Her step was springy, her eyes alert. Miss Keller was a nurse.

Jud Sloan had not been returned to the emergency ward after a long afternoon in the operating room. He required special care, so Keller had been transferred from general duty to look after him. He was in room 240. It was 7 o'clock—

"Good morning, Mr. Sloan."

Jud Sloan turned his head slowly. He had been staring at the ceiling for a long time—since his awakening. He had been trying to piece things out. He had gone down to the mill. . . .

"How long have I been here?"

Keller had been busy herself with fresh linen. Now she was bringing bath things.

"About two weeks," she answered cheerily. . . .

She was gently washing Jud Sloan's face. He had been silent. She turned his head—carefully. Now his eyes were on the window. There were flowers there, fresh flowers. But Jud Sloan did not see them. . . . He had been riding on the running-board. They—old man Arlington and himself—had gone down to the mill, to the unloading crane. There had been a log in it. . . .

"What's the matter with me?"

Keller was arranging the bedclothes now. A corner of the sheet flipped back from Jud Sloan's body. A casing was exposed—a cement-like cast—which covered him. He saw, yet he did not understand. He searched Keller's face. "You were hurt—it's your back. . . ."

He thought hard. Old man Arlington had called him. They had gone down to the mill. . . . Suddenly Jud Sloan's eyes became icy, and hard—

"The dirty sneak!"

Keller glanced up, startled.

"Let's not talk like that, Mr. Sloan," she chided gently, for Jud Sloan, she saw, was not delicious.

But Jud Sloan licked his dry lips fiercely. He took a long breath—tried to. The cast about his chest caught it—wouldn't let his lungs expand—"The dirty sneak!" he repeated.

Later, when Jud Sloan had been fed, Keller went to the chart room. Here she carefully recorded Jud Sloan's temperature and the other data concerning him. Then Brownie came in. 262 had gotten well long since, and gone home. So she, too, was speculating a new case.

"How's your patient?"

"Better—regained consciousness a little while ago."

"Good!" Brownie was, as her name suggested, plain, and small, and brown-eyed. Now she was genuinely glad. "A long two weeks, wasn't it?"

"You bet," Keller was fervent, "but Dr. Peabody says he'll get well. That's all I care about—hate to lose 'em. How's things in '41?"

"About the same," answered Brownie gravely, hunting through a pile of charts. "I'm worried about him. Seems to feel badly about something—mentally, I mean. It's holding him back."

Keller nodded seriously. "It's pretty tough to know you'll never move again—to know you'll just lie there, and then finally die."

"But it isn't that," said Brownie soberly. "He took that news like a soldier. No, it's something else—as though he feels himself guilty of something. Oh, I hope nothing worse happens to him! He's such a brave old man." Brownie was having trouble keeping her professional calm.

Keller finished her charting and sat quietly. Finally she spoke, musingly: "Aren't patients funny? Yours is fretting over something and mine hates some one. And neither of them sure of living. You'd think they'd forget."

Brownie nodded her head. "Patients are funny," she agreed sagely, "especially accident patients. They have a sort of hangover. They are doing something outside, and then, all of a sudden, they find themselves helpless in a hospital. Guess it isn't so easy to forget."

IT WAS two months later. Dr. Peabody, making rounds, had just finished in 241. He entered the chart room. Brownie followed him in.

"How is he, doctor?"

"Almost as well as I am, Miss Brown, except for the paralysis. That is permanent. He won't ever move hand or foot. If he were a younger man I wouldn't hesitate to operate again. But at his age—"

Dr. Peabody shrugged, "there's no chance. We've got to be content with saving his life."

Brownie studied the surgeon's face before she spoke again. "I wish he wasn't so listless—he still seems to be troubled about something, doesn't he?"

"He is troubled about something—it's the accident. He believes that he is the cause of young Sloan's injuries."

"So that's it!" Brownie was amazed. "Yes," said the surgeon. "I thought you knew."

"No, he never speaks of what hap-

pened—just lies there quietly until I change his position," said Brownie.

"Well, it seems he ordered Sloan to move the log that fell on both of them. That weighs on him. And Sloan's father was killed in the mill too. So the old man had had his eye on young Sloan—meant to make something of him. Then this happened. That he himself will remain a hopeless invalid he doesn't seem to consider. He just feels guilty and I can't snap him out of it."

"But Mr. Sloan is getting well!"

"Certainly, but I can't convince him of that. He thinks I'm lying just to comfort him."

For a time Brownie was silent, thinking. Then she spoke: "Why can't we bring them together some way? I mean when Mr. Sloan gets up."

"Because Sloan's full of hate. He doesn't even know the old man was hurt, and I don't dare tell him. If he created a scene, which he would, the

A THANKSGIVING POEM

THE sun hath shed its kindly light,
Our harvesting is gladly o'er.

Our fields have felt no killing night,
Our bins are filled with goodly store.

From penitence, fire, flood, and sword
We have been spared by Thy decree,
And now with humble hearts, O Lord,
We come to pay our thanks to Thee.

We feel that had our merits been
The measure of Thy gifts to us,
We, crying children, born of sin,
Might not now be rejoicing thus.

No deed of ours hath brought us grace,
When Thou wert nigh our sight was dark,
We hid in trembling from Thy face,
But Thou, O God, wert merciful.

Thy mighty hand o'er all the land
Hath still been open to bestow
Those blessings which our wants demand
From heaven, whence all blessings flow.

Thou hast, with ever watchful eye,
Looked down on us with holy care,
And from Thy storehouse in the sky
Hast scattered plenty everywhere.

Then lift we up our songs of praise
To Thee, O Father, good and kind;
To Thee we consecrate our days;
Be Thine the temple of each mind.

With incense sweet our thanks ascend;
Before Thy works our powers pass;
Though we should strive years without end,
We could not thank Thee for them all.

—PAUL LAWRENCE DENNIS.

old man in the next room would surely hear, and—" again Dr. Peabody shrugged—"well, our fight has been tough enough."

Brownie stared soberly. "Somehow it doesn't seem fair," she commented. The surgeon smiled. "Life is sometimes like that. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. I'm leaving an order for Miss Keller to get Sloan into a wheelchair. He should be happy, thankful. But he won't be. He's too full of that hate. And I'll bet it stays with him, even later—when he finds out—"

Brownie's eyes were wide, moist. She was staring at the desk without seeing. "And he," she said; "can only lie— and wait!"

"Yes, Miss Brown, just that. . ."

IT WAS Thanksgiving morning at seven.

"Good morning, Mr. Sloan."

"Morning, Miss Keller."

Somehow this morning seemed more cheerful than most. The sun was shining through the window brightly. Outside, on a branch which he could see, a squirrel eyed Jud Sloan pertly. He grinned at it. And the flowers seemed to have more coloring—Often Jud Sloan had wondered about those flowers. Surely they couldn't have been supplied by the hospital. There were too many of them. But Jud Sloan was not interested in flowers, and his curiosity about them never reached the point of questioning his nurse . . .

"I've a surprise for you!"

"Surprise? What?" Jud Sloan was only mildly curious.

"Well, to begin with, have you any idea what day it is?"

"Sure," said Jud Sloan positively, "it's Thursday, we'll have bread pudding today for lunch."

Keller laughed. "So that's how you've been keeping track of the days?"

"It's easy," said Jud Sloan, "now, tomorrow it'll be raisin pie, and Saturday—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Sloan—" Keller, still laughing, interrupted him. She was almost exultant. This was something like it! It was the first time she had broken through his sullen wall. She felt suddenly buoyant. And it was Thanksgiving!—"You're getting too far ahead," she continued. "What else is it beside Thursday?"

"Nothing else."

"Yes it is, too—and you'll not have bread pudding. You'll have pumpkin pie! Now—Does that suggest anything?" Keller was very happy.

"U-m-m. Can it be Thanksgiving?"

"It can," said Keller triumphantly. "It's Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Sloan. And there'll be turkey and cranberry sauce and candied sweet potatoes and nuts and—oh, you ought to be glad you're on a full tray! Just think! If you couldn't have anything but soup! Aren't you thankful?"

"Thankful!" he sneered. "Thankful I'm on my back, eh? Thankful because I was nearly killed—" his voice was bitter—"on account of a—"

"Now—please!" Keller's heart was lead again. All the brightness, the joy, had gone from the morning, suddenly. She looked at him. His mouth was drawn into a stubborn line. He was thinking hateful things, planning vengeance on the man who was lying helpless in the next room. The man he didn't know was there. "Oh, if he only did know," she thought. But she dare not tell him.

Her own lips straightened. "But you have things to be thankful for, Mr. Sloan," she said earnestly. "Wait! . . ."

She hurried to the door. It was partly closed. She slipped out. . . Now the door opened wide. Her neatly starched uniform was hiding something—she was pulling it . . . It was a wheel chair! Jud Sloan's eyes gleamed.

"There! What did I tell you?" But Keller's cheerfulness held a forced note. "You're leaving your bed! You're thank-

OL' GABBLE

MIN PREPARES FOR THANKSGIVING

By Allan F. Herdman



VER ther river an' through ther wood ter grandfather's house we goes; Ther horse knows ther way ter carry ther sleigh through ther white an' drifted snow-owl! Over ther river an' through ther—

"For goodness sakes, Hank Crabb! How many times do yer expect ter sing that 'ere song?" Min opened the oven door of the kitchen coal range and peered inside at the three pumpkin pies. "Bout erother five minerts an' I kin take 'em out an' put in ther mince pies. Then I got ter crack some black walnuts fer ther nut cake. I can't trust you ter do 'em on 'count o' yer always gets little pieces o' shell mixed in with ther kernels."

"Over ther river an' through ther wood, Trot fast, my dapple-gray! Spring over ther ground like er buntin' hound! Fer this bar are Thanksgiving Day," sang Min's happy husband, drumming with his fingers on to the arms of the old fiddle-back rocker by the window. "Over ther river tah rab tee ree—Now grandmother-er's cap t'spy! Hurrah fer ther fun! Are ther—"

"Will yer stop!" Min shouted. "Mercy! yer'd drive er body cuckoo. If yer insists ontar singin' try an' stick ter ther tune. When it's sung by some one what knows how it's er nice song."

"Just as yer say, Min," Hank Crabb replied. "War almost finisbed anyways 'cept fer ther part about 'Is ther puddin' done?' Hurrah fer ther punkin pie! I war jest tryin' ter get worked up inter ther Thanksgiving spirit, Min. Boy! them ther punkin' pies o' yorn smells elegant. Must be ther spices inter 'em, huh, Min."

"I guess it must be ther cinnamon yer smells most," said Min. "Wait ontill yer smells ther plum puddin' I made last week."

"Did yer put er little—er little drop o' somethin' inter it, Min?"

"Just a tiny little drop o' brandy. Nothin' ter get excited over, Hank Crabb. Bout er thimble full I'd say. I don't like ther way Armindie Mooney makes her 'tall. Hern smells like when yer passes ther hotel to ther corners when ther bar-room door are open. Lu Lawson says give her jest one good whiff o' one o' Armindie's plum puddin' an' she gets er laffin' jag on fer an' hour or more. Mebbe yer'll remember Lu an' Ed et out at Armindie's three year ergo Thanksgiving. Ever-one o' them went home with er list ter starboard as Cap Simpson says. I always figgered they must o' had somethin' sides ther puddin' ter do that to 'em. Now I guess I better take erother look at my pumpkin pies in ther oven. Don't want them ter get too—" Hank Crabb! Get yer paw ontar that 'ere cruller crock. Who do yer think yer are anyways—er prince o' privilege like they war torkin' 'bout 'fore 'lection? Sent now 'fore I gets mad at yer! Think I can stand har all day bakin' jest ter have yer—"

"Doeh gesh mash Mid. Wash oadly gon heb mushev ter—"

"Not erother word 'til yer empties yer mouth, Hank Crabb! Shame ontar yer stuffin' ther whole cruller inter yer mouth ter once. Goodness! I hopes yer don't make er pig o' yerself when my sister, Emma an' her boy friend, Van Swain, an'—an' yer brother Tim an' ther rest o' them are har ter Thanksgiving dinner day arter tomorrow. What would they think if—"

"Didn't—didn't think yer saw me take it, Min. Didn't think yer'd care nohow 'count o' havin' er whole crock full."

"My mother always tort me ter arst fer what I wanted, Hank Crabb, and if I didn't I got slapped."

"Think them ther crullers are ther best batch yer made yet, Min. I could eat erother one if yer didn't need 'em fer comp'ny. Yer 'bout ther best baker an' cooker I knows of. Min. Ever'thin' yer makes are ther best what could be made by no one. Ther ain't erother woman in ther county I'll bet what can make crullers as good as them, Min. They sure are elegant if yer arsts—"

"Enough o' yer soft soap, Hank Crabb. I ain't lookin' fer



no compliments an' I ain't got er quarter. Idle hands is always gettin' inter mischief. Tomorrow I'll keep yer steppin'. Ther'll be plenty fer yer ter do then. I'll keep yer trottin' from early mornin' 'til late at night. I'll give yer hands somethin'—"

"What have I got ter do, Min?" asked Min's husband, alarmed at the thought of work coming his way.

"Well, first off, right arter breakfast yer got ter neck ther gobbler fer me. They tastes better if they're necked er day or two 'fore roasin' an' eatin' them. After that yer kin go—"

"Yer mean—yer mean I got ter neck o' Gabbie the gobbler, Min?" inquired Hank Crabb, who appeared shocked at the idea.

"Yes, I mean o' Gabbie the gobbler. Who'd yer think I meant, ther school-

marm or yer friend Miss Gaddington? Gabbie are ther only turkey we got what's big enough ter go 'round with ther bunch we've havin' ter dinner, ain't he? Mebbe even he won't be enough. Might have ter—"

Hank Crabb mopped his perspiring brow with his blue and white polka dot handkerchief. "Gabbie—my pal," he said sadly.

"Gettin' tender-hearted?"

"Yer don't understand, Min. Me an' Gabbie are—well, me an' Gabbie—are—well, we're just like brothers—yar—brothers, yer might say," confessed Hank Crabb.

"I never seed much resemblance," spoke up Min.

"Ter neck him would be nothin' short o' murder, Min—murder, that's what it

"Ther Mystery Are Solved, Min!" Hank Said, and Picked Up a Blue Cardboard Box From the Coop Floor. On the Front Was Printed: "Rudgeway's Lightning Reducing Salts"

are. How would you like ter be er turkey gobbler? How would yer like ter be o' Gabbie an' have yer best friend turn ontar yer? Do yer call that loyalty? Gosh, Min, Gabbie are putty near o' enough ter vote. He's been with us most as long as ther schoolmarm has."

"Yer big silly!" exclaimed Min.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. Tuthill



Poems

New and Old Favorites

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the winds against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding blades of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam
And the rocking pine of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with beary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to winter there,
Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow intensely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright gleams of the future?
The souls of men, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they tread;
They left untaken what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

—FELICIA DOROTHY HEMANS.

SO BE MY GOING

IF SOMETIME you should hear across the night
A song so wistful slowly out to sea,
Rise not upon your bed to mark its flight,
But only listen to the melody;
And it will be that after it has gone
You will not know it bore me forth, nor guess
That in its flying it outreached the dance
Beyond the night, beyond its loneliness;
And you will not remember it at all
Until, perhaps, years after, they will say
When chance brings up my name, "Yes, we recall,
He sang a song once—and he went away."
Then will the song become your thought of me
That wistful way one night far out to sea.

—A. ALLISON ARMSTRONG.

THANKSGIVING

FOR food, for shelter and for air,
For facilities, for loving care,
For warmth of sun, for kindly rain,
For bounteous harvest come again,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For beauty of the earth and sky,
For joy that in the soul does lie;
For family, friends, and friends dear,
For cherished memories sharp and clear,
We thank thee, Lord.

For spirit uplift, soul's delight,
For noble impulses we require;
But most, that we can never tire
Of feeling grateful, have desire
To thank Thee, Lord.

A TOAST TO THAT FIRST THANKSGIVING

HERE'S to that first Thanksgiving
On a bleak New England shore!
The harvest had been abundant;
Storehouses could hold no more;
So the governor summoned together
His people and to them said:
"Of everything there is plenty.
This winter all will be fed.
In thankfulness then for the harvest,
I bid one and all prepare
For a season of feasting and pleasure
And games in which all may share.
Go fish in the briny waters,
And women the friendly Indian;
There's work for man, woman, and child."

They hunted and fished and summoned,
They roasted and baked and stewed,
Indians brought in venison.

To add their share to the food.
With feasting, games, and contests,
Three days were in pleasure spent;
In thankfulness for the harvest
All went to their homes content.
So here's to that first Thanksgiving
On the bleak New England shore,
And the Pilgrims who were thankful
That year for their goodly store.

—ADA MILLER MARKHAM.

AND I MEAN YOU!

I'M thankful if along the way
I've helped to make you smile,
If something I have given you
Has made life more worth while.

If any line I've scribbled down
Has been a tiny spark
That served to light up some drear spot—
And made it seem less dark.

I'm grateful if my loving thoughts
Are welcome in your mind,
And if you know each one I send
Is genuinely kind.

God gave me countless lovely friends.
For this I'm thankful too;
For I'm sustained by thoughts of friends
Like you—and I mean YOU!

—LYLA MYERS.

LUTE SONG

WHAT wilt thou send her,
What wilt you tell her,
That shall unbind her,
That shall compel her?

Love that shall fold her
So sweetly can sever:
Truth that shall hold her
Ever and ever.

What wilt thou do then,
So shall never prove you?
Knowing you true then,
Never will leave you!

I'll lay before her,
There is her power,
Aye to adore her,
My heart like a flower.

—NADISON CARRICK.

THANKSGIVING

I THANK Thee, God, for brightened days,
And for the darkest ones as well,
For were my days forever bright
I should not know the gloom of night,
Nor find the ever kindly light
Whose firm and steady rays impel
My feet along the safer ways.

—PAUL WYNNON.

WHEREVER YOU ARE

Continued from Page 1

I'll never forget the hours that I was forced to spend hoeing and weeding while other girls played or spent their time in lady-like pursuits. His mother had been a drudge. His sisters were coarse and masculine. They worked in the fields like men. He meant to make me like them. I know. Didn't he often say, "See what a strapping, husky woman your Aunt Anna is. She held plenty when she was young, and husked corn, and shocked grain, too. She's a fine healthy woman!" Phrony, he wanted me to be like her—poor Aunt Anna, who led the dullest existence possible.

Before the old woman could make comment she continued: "Phrony, how he must have hated my mother. He was so afraid that I would be like her. 'Soft,' he said she was. And he was determined that I shouldn't be soft. But thank God I fooled him. I defied him in time. I didn't let him make me into a human nonentity. I revolted in time."

"Hush, child, hush. 'Tain't fit'n' for you to talk so."

"Fitting? Why isn't it fitting? You started this and now I intend to say my lines. Maybe you are right about one thing. Maybe it isn't right to keep all this hate bottled up inside me." Slender fingers wove and unwove, and wove themselves together again, but her voice was steady and low. "Why should I love him? What did he ever do for me besides try to make a drudge out of me?"

"But, Mattie, he never kept you out of school here and besides he sent you into town to high school."

"That is true. And I can't figure out why he ever did that. But still that doesn't make me love him. It was while I was in high school that I realized how I hated him. My week-ends at home were nightmares. And then I won that scholarship. I'll never forget how he took that! Thinking that surely that would please him, I brought home my art exhibits and jubilantly told him that they had won for me a scholarship at one of the finest art schools in the country. Was he pleased? He was like a maniac. You'd have thought that what I had done was all the unpardonable sins rolled into one. Before I realized what he was about he had gathered up all those precious sketches; refused to give them back to me; and forbade me ever to sketch or paint again. Forbade me to accept the scholarship which I had worked so hard for, and which held such great promise for me."

Small fists clinched the bed clothes. The blue veins stood out on them in an intricate network. "What a pity, what a pity," the old woman thought, realizing the girl's agony. But without a pause the girl continued, "Hard! Yes, he was as hard as rock, and domineering. But I am hard too. I could never be hateful like him but I can be as hard as he. He could not break my spirit. He took my sketches but that is the last thing he ever deprived me of. I'm glad I'm hard; glad I hate him; glad I defied him and went on with my art studies. Look what it has done for me. Before I came back here I was almost human."

let me. And since I can't speak of you I can find nothing much to say to any one but I'm thinking of you all the time. I know people are beginning to think me queer. I can tell it by the way they act. But, Sara, the harder I try to converse with people the worse this thing gets me. I try to bring myself to speak to our little Mattie about you but I can't. When I try the words stick in my throat.

If only I could talk with her, But I can't. I can't. And there is a wall of misunderstanding growing up between us. I can't scale it. I can't evade it. She misunderstands my attitude toward her. She resents my insistence that she get plenty of exercise. Sara, what am I to do?

The sheet fell from the girl's fingers. In a little while she drew a deep breath, as does a swimmer preparing to dive. With quick motions she bent again over the chest and drew forth the remainder of its contents.

Tenderly she sorted them out, a dozen beautiful oil paintings and her own sketches which her father had taken from her.

Again she sat very still. "I'm hard. Oh, I'm so hard," she thought, and no tears came to bathe her aching eyes or soften the lump in her throat—the lump which had risen there, not at the memory of a small overall-clad figure, but at the memory of an old man who had suffered in silence. No tears came, but where the lines of her round chin melted into the column of her slender throat a quivering muscle throbbed. Her father's words, like a broken refrain, ran over and over through her mind: "Wherever you are—wherever you are—please understand."

STARLIGHT PASS

Continued from Page 19

"Do you want to talk to me?"
"Don't you think it's about time?"

Forebodingly the atmosphere had changed. It was as if with the girl's departure both men at last laid aside the thin veil of neutrality. An ominous note had crept into their voices, and suddenly the cabin itself was filled with a sense of impending fatality.

L'Abat, too, felt that electric warning, and with eyes fixed on the two men he stood by the open door, alert and ready.

"North," Pogue's incisive voice rasped, "I've just about decided this country isn't big enough for you and me. One of us has got to leave—and I'm going to stay."

Deliberately North brushed the gray ashes from his shoulders. "That's too bad. Suppose I plan to stay too?"

"Then you'd better plan again. From now on the Wind River country isn't going to be exactly a health resort for you. I've been wondering about you for months, and some strange things have happened during that time. You advised me once to come to a decision. Well, I have—I don't want you around." Pogue thrust his face closer. "This morning I learned it was you who telephoned the forest service men about this fire. That gave them a two hours' start they wouldn't have had otherwise. When the jam went out last spring it was you who jumped in and pulled that ranger out, although you knew from the first he was one of the biggest obstacles we had. And then—" Pogue's

heavy eyes fell to L'Abat. "It was you who persuaded Jean to leave Guthrie in that cabin with only Larsen to guard him. What happened after that no one knows, but maybe I could guess. At any rate, Larsen was found shot through the head and Guthrie was gone. Each time you've had some excuse that sounded plausible enough, but when you put them all together they spell something to me."

"And that is?"
"You've double-crossed me for the last time!"

"Why do you kid yourself, Pogue?" the quiet voice asked. "What you really mean is you don't want me here because of Cass."

"That may be one reason—why not? I'm not going to have the name of Catherine Mirov tied up with a fourflushing lumberjack." Pogue's voice shook. "What is she to you? What did she

Pogue's neck, and leaning forward, pulled him bodily over his shoulder while in the same motion he trust the man's arm high up between his shoulder blades in the dreaded hammerlock. Agonized and helpless Pogue found himself held as a shield before his armed ally.

"Drop the gun, Jean," North was saying. "Drop the gun. I've got eight cartridges here to blow you out that doorway."

Jean's eyes widened with wonder, for North seemed to have made no motion, but through the gloom L'Abat saw the black muzzle of a .45 pointed at him. For a moment he wavered, yet there was no way to reach North without endangering the life of his own chief, and reluctantly the huge hand dropped to his side.

"On the floor, Jean, on the floor," the calm voice commanded, and the gun fell with a thud.

Pogue's face was gray with the pain that shot through his arm and shoulder, and now he uttered a low groan. Releasing his hold, North thrust the man from him, and walking forward, picked up L'Abat's weapon.

"A fine pair of bad men, aren't you?" He dropped the gun in his pocket, and Jean's thick neck grew red beneath that voice of cold contempt.

North turned directly to Pogue. "So after six months of hesitation you've decided that I'm dangerous to you? You're a little slow in making up your mind. I should think that might be a fatal drawback to any one who wants to play the big bad man out in this country. Now I'll tell you your real trouble, Pogue. You couldn't decide which you wanted most—to kick me out or to keep me here until you had me so tied up with your dirty work that you'd have me where you wanted me. Meanwhile you've been eaten up with distrust and suspicion in that rotten heart of yours. Once before you threatened to get me, if I didn't play your game. Well, now is your chance." He tapped Pogue's chest. "I'm staying here. And the next time you try this sort of thing, you better make a job of it for one of us is going to go. Now get out."

Like an angry bull Jean lowered his head and took a short step forward, as if in spite of the weapon in North's hand a wave of savage fury forced him on, but one look into those determined eyes told him that once the black automatic raised again no power on earth could save him.

Pogue, already outside, stopped to look back. He pointed a warning finger at the figure within the cabin.

"Keep out of my way, North," his voice quivered. "There's room for only one master of this country."

North was still standing in the doorway when without another word Pogue and L'Abat turned down the trail.

"Master of this country." The words lingered in North's memory long after the two men had gone. In thoughtful contemplation he stood looking out at the dappled sunlight of that summer afternoon. Peace—the great, boundless peace of the forest lay like a benediction about him, yet he realized that his time of greatest danger had come.

QUERY



EDDIE—What are descendants, dad?
Dad—Why, people who came after you.
Eddie—Is the landlord one of your descendants, then?

ever mean to you?" Through the darkness North could see the man's face was twisted with distrust.

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I'm asking you—and you're not man enough to tell me."

"No! Well there's one thing I will tell you, Pogue. No man ever bluffed me out when I wanted to do a thing—and if I want to stay here, I stay. Is that clear?"

Pogue made no answer, no move, but at that instant he had reached a decision. Turning his back on North, he faced toward L'Abat, and almost imperceptibly he nodded.

"I'll give you just one week to get out of here," Pogue was speaking more slowly, more calmly now, and while he talked he stepped to North's side, as if to emphasize his words. "When the week is up your supplies will be stopped at the commissary. If that's not enough, the sheriff will let you know how welcome you are down in Wolfshoed."

The voice went on, bitter with pent-up malice, but in the gloom, L'Abat moved ever so little, his hand lowered slowly, inch by inch.

North had not changed his position. He stood with tall body lightly balanced, leaning slightly forward, his eyes on Jean, while beneath his shirt the long muscles ripped. Like two fencers the men held each other's eyes, and still Pogue's voice, "You can't buck me up here, North. You can't."

He stopped. Without warning he flung himself behind North, and wrapping both arms about the man's body, called shrilly to L'Abat, "Draw, I've got him! Draw!"

Jean's big hand lunged for his gun, but even before his fingers closed over the stock something happened—something incredibly swift. Flinging up his left hand, North had seized the back of

the company's property," he said more than once. "It's always on the national forests." Not a few settlers felt as he did, but in spite of suspicion they realized how dependent they were on the good will of the lumbermen—and did nothing. After all, no one could be definitely saddled with the blame, and Pogue's men were making good use of the fire to point out that the forest service had once more proved itself unable to protect its own property.

A week went by without further word from North, and now the men of the logging camps put it down as certain that he had heeded Pogue's warning and left the country. Pogue himself was well satisfied with the outcome, for North's flight made unnecessary certain steps that even for Pogue held elements of danger, and left him free for his principal work—the overthrow of the forest service. So it was in high good humor that at the end of the week Bert Pogue left for Washington.

Another week passed and still no sign of North—if Mills knew what had become of his friend he gave no word, but went on about his daily tasks. They were trying days for Cass, and perhaps the only one who refused to be disturbed was Helen Guthrie herself.

"He hasn't gone just because Bert Pogue threatened him," she announced with calm conviction. "If Corrin North let that drive him out of the country, I'm no judge of the male species."

And the very next week proved how right she was. As quietly as he had left North arrived one evening in Wolfshead, and with his pack on his back, walked through the dusk over the trail to the ranger station. Mills looked up as the tall figure darkened the doorway, and with the characteristic stoicism of the woodsman nodded toward a chair. "Dinner's ready," he said laconically. Silently North sat down.

And that was all.

But the rupture between North and Pogue had become common knowledge. None of the details were known, either in the camps or in Wolfshead, yet all realized that North's work with the company had been finished, and for several days following his return loggers from the Swede camps and the cutters from their solitary cabins came down to the ranger station and in their articulate way offered sympathy.

"They treat you," Mills said one night after a little group of friendly tie-backs had left the cabin. "They know where you stand, and they know you're not a bit afraid. Men will always follow that combination."

The ranchers from Wind River—they, too, went out of their way to show North their good will, for many of them had little reason to love their Pogue or the company. Long Williams himself was one of the first to come up to the cabin. He found Corrin intent on braiding a hackmare, and grinned beneath his long mustaches.

"Looks to me like you got your nerve, young fellow, staying in this country after Pogue told you to clear out. Don't you know when you're licked?"

"If I pulled out every time somebody didn't want me around, I'd be on the move day and night."

"Just the same, if I were you I'd go. Pogue runs this country—even us settlers has to sell our bay to his camps or we can't haul for him in the winter. If he wants our timber he buys it at his own price—nobody else can buy it. A one-man outfit." He spat meditatively into the fire.

Usually he added, "Some of us are wondering what you're going to do in the way of work."

North looked up. "That's been bothering me too. I can't live on Mills indefinitely."

"Well, the boys just wanted me to say there's a couple of us'll be glad to take you on any time down at the ranches—it won't be much but it'll keep you from starvin'. And whatever you do, remember this—when Bert Pogue gets back, don't close your eyes, even to sleep." Before North could answer, Williams hurried out to his horse.

But that very night events were to take another turn and solve at least one

excuse, but what good are they? I've heard from friends in Washington that Pogue's even got the administration interested and that there's a real danger of reviving the plan to split up the national forests and give them to he states."

North nodded. "Yes, he's playing his cards well, and yet—" He concluded the sentence with a shrug.

Mills was watching him. "But let's come back to you. They won't sell you any provisions at the commissary and there's no work for you from the company or any of its contractors. That looks like you're out."

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" North agreed.

Mills laughed outright. "You don't act a bit worried."

"Maybe I'm trying to be like Guthrie—and not worry. If I have to leave this country I'm as good as licked, and there's one appointment I'd like to keep before I leave."

The two foresters looked curiously up to see North's steady eyes fixed on the night outside.

"Next Thanksgiving eve marks just one year to the day since I came into this country. It also marks the anniversary of a fight I had with Jean L'Abat, and a good many of the boys are looking forward to a return match—I'd hate to disappoint them."

Guthrie chuckled, and pulled out his pipe. "My rangers have talked about nothing else for the past months. That brings me to something Mills and I were just talking over. We might as well look the facts in the face. You're through with the company and there's nothing you can do down in Wolfshead, for they own the place body and soul. Now, I've just received authorization from Washington to take on another ranger. I don't know how long that'll last—maybe as long as the sale itself, maybe only a few months. It depends on the money bag in Washington. You realize how short-handed we've been. We need help, and when I asked Mills who he wanted—"

"I said just one man," Mills interrupted. "You."

"We'd sure like to have you, North," Guthrie urged. "There's no one I'd rather have to back me up in times like these. On the other hand we can't be blind to the fact that it means constant danger for you. But if you want to wear the forest service badge and string along with us, we'll call it a bargain."

For a moment North hesitated. "It wouldn't be fair to you," he said at last. "Up here I'm a marked man. If I joined you, Pogue would try all the harder to smash the forest service."

"We can stand that." Mills took the badge from his own shirt, and reaching over, fastened it on North. "Looks pretty good, old son. Better wear it."

"There was no further hesitation. 'I'll be proud to,' North answered simply, and Mills grinned in open delight.

SWIFTLY the last few sunny days of autumn passed. Already the nights were growing colder and early mornings held the first chill of approaching frost. North at his new task spent long hours in the saddle riding with Mills up and down Wind River, scaling logs

CONTENT

A HERMIT there was
Who lived in a grove,
And the way to be happy
They said he had got.
As I wanted to learn it,
I went to his cell.
And this answer he gave,
As I asked him to tell:

"To BE and DOING,
And HAVING that work
All the pleasures and pains
Of which mortals partake.
To BE what God pleases,
To DO what is best,
And to HAVE a good heart
Is the way to be blessed."

of North's problems. He was returning to the ranger station when he saw smoke coming from the chimney and a light gleaming through the window. Inside were Guthrie and Mills, and for some reason the ranger's face was wrinkled in smiles.

Guthrie spoke first. "I suppose you know what Pogue is doing in Washington."

"Making medicine."

"You know Pogue. He took with him a long list of complaints—the number of times the mill had to close and wait for logs, the time they had to stop building the flume because of lack of timber, the fact that the skidways are only half full because we can't fight fire and scale plenty on us—and it's all true."

"Worried?"

Guthrie hesitated. "I don't believe in worrying. These gray hairs o mine didn't come from that. Besides, if the service has to bow to a lot of blistering politicians, I'd better be getting out. I'm too old and my neck's too stiff. But there's no denying Pogue's got a good case, especially when he puts it before a committee of congressmen that don't know our conditions. They're going to be more influenced by what the directors of a ten-million-dollar organization say than they are about what one lone forest supervisor has to offer. If Pogue succeeds in persuading the governor to start an investigation there will be only one answer—we're licked. We can make

became realities. So at the close, he looked admiringly into his leader's eyes.

"By Gar, I always say you finish well those things what you begin."

Pogue laughed complacently. "Begins to look like it's all in the bag. The only thing I regret is that I had to spoil your fun."

L'Abat's eyes were puzzled. "What you mean?"

"I mean your little friend North. Too bad I had to kick him out of the country before you could take him apart next Thanksgiving."

But this time it was Jean's turn to smile. "Keeck him out? You only tink you keek him out. Corrin Nort' he is back now wit' forest service down at Mills' ranger station."

"What?"

"Certainment. He wear the pine tree badge an' scale the logs. I would 'ave fix myself myself but I remember you say not to lay hands on forest men while you are gone."

"So be's still here." Pogue's face tightened, and his drooping eye twitched. "Well, we'll end that!" Reaching forward, he tore off a telegraph blank, scrawled a short message, then called to his clerk.

"Have them relay that to the telegraph company." Violently Pogue threw the pencil from him. "Thinks I'm bluffing, does he?" His eyes were blazing, and in a burst of anger he gave way to a volley of oaths. Jean went out silently, not daring ever to bid good-night to this man who sat clutching the table, his lips still moving with whispered imprecations.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
Copyright, 1937, by Tom Gill

PRETTY MINER

Continued from Page 1

Cynthia saw he was looking at her. "Yes, sir."

The hardness of his face split in a grin and she felt herself forgetting his recent attention.

"All right, kid," he said brusquely. "You can drop that. The name is Red McCarthy, 22 and Irish."

"Also handsome," she added impulsively, and he laughed.

"Thanks. You're not bad lookin' yourself although you might break if you bend. That doesn't count up here, so forget it. There isn't a dame in 50 miles." She grinned. "Okay, Red."

"That's the way. Follow Pedro. Yank that dump car back on the trail. Louie!" he roared. "you too."

The little old man who had come from the mine looked at Cynthia phlegmatically and said nothing. He shook his head rather despondently, however, and motioned Louie, the man who had spoken briefly to her on the truck.

THE three of them walked out along the track and scrambled down the embankment. It was then she learned that dump cars, however fragile and delicate they may look at a distance, really have the esthetic lines and weight of a tractor.

First she and Louie tried to move the car up the slope. They strained and

sweated while Louie swore like a cavalry corporal. Then Pedro pulled, heaved, and pried. The stubborn little car was moved a few feet and it seemed an endless distance up to the truck's end.

"Talk a rest," Pedro said curtly, as they leaned against the dormant machine. "Leetle heavy, eh, keed?"

"Leetle!" she repeated vigorously. "My back's breaking!"

Pedro laughed softly. "Not much to break," he commented, "coupla week an' you have leetle bit muscle. Coupla more, maybe you can swat fly. How you come on dees job, keed?"

"Just for the exercise," she retorted, and he laughed.

"Those you will get," he forecast and added his approval with a grunt, "I guess you okay, keed."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead and motioned the other two on with the work. They had to skid the car over a boulder next, they got it fairly well balanced and Pedro sent Louie for a rope.

"Las' week," Pedro said conversationally, "it was so sad. The truck go over the end."

"Mister," Cynthia said, "I kind of guessed that." "Mickey, he don't have a leetle chance. Remember, keed, if you on one dees t'ings, geeva jump an' don't get squashed." He shook his head soberly.

"You mean there was—an accident?" "Si. Dees truck—the keel de boy—poor!"

Cynthia felt a sudden weakness. She was swaying and everything seemed tipping one way and another. She had come to the mine for a prank, a new experience to be added to an already long list. Then suddenly she had found how death strikes, even on a sunny hillside. She was actually helping to lift the juggernaut back to its rails.

She heard a shout. The shale seemed opening beneath her feet—slipping. Then there was a stunning blow against her shoulder and she knew nothing else until a throbbing, aching consciousness returned. She found herself lying on the slope while a group of men cussed and strained at the dump car, now 50 feet further down.

No one paid any attention to her. She felt a surge of anger at their neglect. The metal car seemed more important than human life. No doubt it would be easier to get another worker than another car.

She felt cautiously all over her body, moving slowly, dreading to find broken bones. Then she sat up and looked around.

At that instant Red discovered her. He came bounding up the hill, stood over her, one fist clenched and shaking, the other red and bleeding. He told her in plain terms what he thought she was good for. He asked her if there had ever been a real man in her family—

"Shut up!" she interrupted the flow of words angrily. "You talk as if that

little piece of machinery means more than all your men. You red-headed slave-driver! Don't you realize that it killed a boy last week?"

His face paled and his lips quivered with such pain, she regretted the shot. "Yes," he said in a choking voice, "I can't forget, and I'll knock your head loose if you mention it again!"

HE WHEELED from her suddenly. She felt stunned by the glimpse of violent emotion in the stern set of his face.

Pedro called her aside curtly when the car had finally been replaced on its track. "What's your name, keed?"

"John Anthony."

"OK, Johnny. You listen to Pedro, Red, he get mad if anybody try to get himself keeled." He shook his head in sober warning as if the fury of the foreman were much more serious than loss of life. "You watch out. Red, he's a good guy. Plenty strong an' plenty tough. He keep you from followin' Mickey."

"You—you mean—" she started weakly.

Pedro nodded soberly. "He knock you out of way. Sock! You bounce. Me, old Pedro, too slow. I tink you already gone. Then Red go down an' t'ing roll across bees han'. So."

Cynthia returned along the track in lonely dejection. The foreman was sitting on a backless chair in front of the bunkhouse

while the cook bandaged his hand. He grimaced with pain as she approached.

"Thanks, Red," she said curtly.

He looked at her sternly. Then he grinned in spite of his suffering. "You're funny, kid," he said, "I ought to beat the tar outta you. It just makes me red-eyed when any guy gets careless like that. You gotta be careful on these jobs, kid. There ain't no cushions spread around."

He made no reference to his injury for the next few days, but she watched him covertly as he stood in the mine shaft. She saw him favoring his hand, saw him wince when he stumbled against the studding. She did not notice when his dynamic activities started to slacken. He seemed around as much as usual. Also she was occupied with her own troubles, the awkwardness of adapting herself to the living conditions and the myriad aches in muscles unaccustomed to such hard labor.

It was a week after her arrival that Red appeared in the shaft, obviously weakened, pale of face, lips set in a grim line.

"Red," she said, "you're sick."

"Get to work," he snapped.

"Is it your hand?" she asked.

"Johnny," he said curtly. "Joe's takin' care of this. When I want you to 'tend to my business, I'll send for you."

He turned from her angrily and she called, "It is my business. I caused it" but he did not stop and she saw him catch quickly at a beam to keep from falling.

She dropped her shovel, watched him



beside him and she saw them both watching her. She piled her shovel with extra vigor and avoided looking at them.

"Johnny?" Red called.

"Yeah?" she answered coarsely, although her heart beat with a strange rapidity and she could feel the burning flush on her cheeks.

"Come with me."

She followed, trembling, and Joe seemed to disappear suddenly. Red led her silently along the track to the dump, then motioned her to sit on the cross beam now on the track's end.

"I want to thank you for what you've done," he said, and she felt his gaze boring into her.

"It's all right," she said hastily, "I'm glad it—it worked, Red."

He was silent for several moments. "I had a funny dream," he said then, "of a woman. Can you imagine me dreaming of a woman?"

She glanced up quickly. "I—I never

supposed it was entirely impossible."

"A beautiful woman. I had treated her badly."

"You shouldn't do that," she said banteringly, striving to cover her own confusion, "even in dreams."

"And then she kissed me."

Cynthia caught at his bandaged hand. "The bandage—" she said, choking, "it's—it's loose."

She heard him chuckle softly. "Joe told me," he said, and she felt his free hand touching her hair. "I bet," he said quietly, "it was mighty pretty when it was longer. I kinda have an idea—I might—like to be around when it grows out again."

Her eyes sparkled as she looked up. "Yes, sir," she answered with a soft laugh.

"What?" he snapped.

"OK, Red," she corrected, and yielded to much more gentle treatment than he had given her earlier in their acquaintance.

The voice of the broadcaster rolled out unctuously.

"The leader of the robbers, Webb Barnett, wounded in the battle at the bank, was pursued by posses through three states, narrowly escaping the officers several times by shrewdly outguessing them. When last seen he was in Wyoming, pushing hard for the border. It is believed that by this time he has crossed into Canada."

The number of those in the room greatly interested in what was being said had increased from one to three. Steve Walsh sat motionless at the table, a card still in his hand. Molly stared at Taylor, lips parted, a queer sense of suffocation in her bosom. Webb Barnett! And the initials in the hat were W. B.

She caught once more the voice of the man at the microphone.

"... Describe him for the benefit of officers in the North who may chance to be listening. This desperate bandit Webb Barnett is 28 years old and weighs about 175 pounds. He is very strong and is built as symmetrically as a Greek god. Eyes steel-gray and deep-set. Face strongly masculine. Walks as lightly as a prince and gives an effect of stenderness. Will probably not allow himself to be taken without a savage battle, as..."

That was all. Molly had crossed the room and tuned out.

"I don't suppose we want any more of that," she said in a voice that was stifled in spite of an attempt at lightness.

"No," agreed her aunt placidly. "I don't see why they put crime on the air. We read enough of it in the newspapers without that."

Walsh played the card in his hand and examined the layout of those on the table. "Looks like I'm stumped," he said, and added, as though carelessly: "What station talking, Molly?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Rather interesting, don't you think?" he went on. "It would be strange if some officer did happen to be listening in and then bumped into this Webb Barnett later." He looked at Taylor. In spite of himself his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

Taylor glanced up from his book. "Not likely," he said negligently.

"Why not?" Walsh asked. "This Barnett can't be more than 300 miles from us right now, putting it at the highest figure. He might be within 25 miles. There's a chance he's even nearer."

"Goodness, I hope not," Miss Macmillan said, in her gentle voice. "You think of the most disturbing things, Steve. Why in the world would this terrible man come around this neighborhood?"

"I didn't say this neighborhood, Miss Macmillan," the sheriff answered easily. "The point is that he isn't going in a straight line for whatever point he's aiming at. He's twisting here and there, ducking towns, touching settlements only when he has to have food. Probably he has had a heck of a time of it. He has to go where he's driven. Don't you think that's likely, Mr. Taylor?"

"Sounds reasonable," Taylor agreed evenly. "Well, the sooner he is captured, the earlier honest folks will sleep in peace."

"You think so?" the sheriff said.

UNDER NORTHERN STARS

Continued from Page 6

day, and they'll be opening the road from King City. Somewhere near the head of the divide, we'll meet the workers."

Some one was advertising over the radio the merits of a bathing powder. Molly cut him off, turned the dial, and tuned in on another station.

Taylor did not look at her, but he was acutely aware of her presence. The girl's vividness filled the room. She carried her healthy vigorous body with the lightness of a wood sprite. Her step was almost resilient. So Mary Queen of Scots, he thought, must have trod the halls of Holyrood when she bewitched Chastelard. After which flight of fancy he smiled sardonically. His interest in her was annoying. He did not like the girl. Her attitude toward life he thoroughly disapproved. She was selfish, spoiled, willful. Yet it was fascinating to find so hard a mental finish, such a cool and flinty disposition, encased so beautifully in the warm softness of young flesh. There was an urge in him to break down the arrogant pride, so far at least as he was concerned. He had not the least intention of falling in love with her. She was the last woman in the world he would want to marry, and that was saying a good deal, since women played no important part in his life. But she stimulated opposition in him. A struggle had been going on between them ever since their first meeting. He could feel the clash of minds, just as one feels the grinding of steel on steel in a fencing match.

It was absurd, he told himself. He was taking a small thing far too seriously. For him, women were out for always. He had definitely closed the door to the normal life of other men. It was imperative that he live hard and warily as bunted beasts do. What this pert young whipper-snapper of a girl thought had no validity as far as he was concerned. Why waste energy letting himself be irritated by her?

Molly picked up another station on the radio. She moved across to the piano,

sat down, struck a chord or two, and rose abruptly.

"My gracious child, why don't you sit down and read?" Miss Macmillan suggested.

"I don't want to read."

Over the radio a man from some southern state was broadcasting the news of the day. He finished describing the recent floods and took up a new topic. His words induced a momentary silence in the room of that snowbound ranch hundreds of miles from the speaker.

"It is curious how quickly the news of the day is displaced by more recent happenings. Not long since we in this section could think of nothing else except the Somerton Bank robbery, in which President W. V. Baker, of the First National, and Assistant Teller Manlove were killed by bandits, two of whom were shot down in the chase. It will be recalled that the other two outlaws separated and escaped being captured."

The lean muscles of one of the four in the living-room had suddenly grown rigid, his nerves taut. He had become alert in every fiber. Yet he was so wholly master of himself that his eyes did not lift from the page of the book.

MAKING HIS MARK



French Asthma Formula

\$1.25 Supply Sent Free

During the World War, the development by a French physician of a formula for overcoming the distress caused by the spasms and paroxysms of asthma, brought such amazing results that its fame quickly spread all over Europe. Now introduced in the United States as the Bel-Dim Treatment. This amazing preparation acts to overcome gasping, choking, and the feeling of suffocation that accompanies asthma. The Bel-Dim Company, Dept. 183, Montrose, California, are anxious for every sufferer to try this treatment. They will send a \$1.25 supply free to any one who writes them. Enclose 10c for postage. Do it today.



FAT-OFF

Amazing New Formula for Safe, Quick Reduction!

Don't resort to diets and strenuous exercises that sap your energy! Take off reducible fat by a N. Y. Doctor's recent discovery.

FAT-OFF. If you are not thrilled with results after two weeks, if you do not feel better and more energetic with the loss of excess fat, we will spare no money. Certain no therapy, no disappointment, absolutely guaranteed!

30 FAT-OFF TABLETS \$1.00

Send check or N. Y. money order.

or credit C. O. D. (plus postage).

No Canadian Orders

Fat-Off Company, Dept. G-1,

833 Seventh Ave. N. Y. C.



NEURITIS

Get relief quickly . . . and torturous days and sleepless nights . . . pains from rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago and kindred aches are relieved quickly and safely with **CLARET'S CAPSULES**. (No opiates or narcotics). Try half a box on money-back guarantee. Send \$1.00 for regular package.

Sonex Company • Minneapolis, Minn.



SHAMPOO and COLOR GRAY HAIR

at SAME time....

Entirely different. Does not stain scalp. No expensive required. Beautiful...even. LASTING shades. Leaves hair smooth, glossy. **PURIST Permanent Wave**. Write for FREE LITERATURE. **CLARET'S CAPSULES**. 47 BRIDGE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT

Stomach Ulcers

Caused by Gastric Hyperacidity

FREE Booklet on simple home treatment. Hundreds report they were saved from expensive operations. Learn all about this amazing (except for) stomach treatment. Pain relieved from the start. No risk or liquid diet. This valuable booklet sent FREE with information as to guaranteed relief. **CLARET'S CAPSULES**. 47 BRIDGE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

St. Paul, Minnesota.



Old Leg Trouble

Vincoze Method heals and prevents many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs. No cost for trial if fails in 10 days. Describe trouble and get **FREE** BOOK. **G. R. Vincoze Co.**, 140 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

"HERBS AND HEALTH" Get this FREE 64 page Health Book. Write for it. It's yours absolutely.

and treatments according to DR. T. W. POMROY.

Pomroy Herb Labs., 307 West Broadway, New York.

"Do you have to do this, Steve?" she begged, in a sudden panic. "I have to do it, Molly," her friend answered, not lifting his eyes from the man whose hat was stamped with the initials W.B.

"Montana expects every sheriff to do his duty, Miss Prescott," said Taylor cynically.

"I've been dumb," Walsh told the other man. "It stuck in my mind I know you, but I couldn't somehow get the connection. It was that photograph of you in my office, of course. But I'll say one thing for myself. The likeness isn't good."

"You insist I'm Webb Barnett?"

"I'm going to take a chance on it."

"And the C O horse I was riding?"

What about that?"

"My notion is, Mr. Barnett, that you were being pressed pretty closely and that your own mount was worn out. You were likely down in the Pickett Wire country, maybe in Clem's own town Summit. So you grabbed the nearest horse and lit out. It happened to be Clem's sorrel. How will that do for a rough guess?"

Taylor turned his bitter sardonic smile on Molly.

"Your friend agrees with you that I'm a horse-thief as well as those other names you called me," he said.

"It's about bed-time, Molly," Steve said quietly. "How about good-night?"

Though he spoke to the girl, his eyes still watched the man he meant to make a prisoner.

"What are you going to do?" Molly cried, looking from one to the other and back again. "Both of you."

The color had washed out of her cheeks. Fear filled her bosom and stifled her. Why did Steve want her out of the room? Would she hear the sound of roaring guns as soon as she had closed the door? She could not leave them. She could not walk away and let this dreadful thing happen. Her imagination envisaged red tragedy. One or both of these men, so vital, so full of supple splendid life, before her heart had beat a hundred times, might lie slack and crumpled on the floor.

Steve smiled, but there was no comfort for her in that smile. It seemed to Molly to hold a chill and wintry threat.

"I can speak for one of us," he said. "I've declared myself."

"I'll speak for the other," Taylor replied quietly, with just a touch of the Southland drawl. "If Mr. Walsh has a warrant for my arrest, I'll surrender, as any honest man would."

"I don't need a warrant," the sheriff answered curtly. "The law doesn't require it."

"In that case I'll surrender, of course, without one," Taylor said.

Molly stared at him, surprised and relieved. Did he mean it? If so, why? It was impossible to associate fear with

that strong bony face, with the steel-trap mouth, with the hard mocking eyes. After having ridden so far and so hard for his freedom, surely he would not tamely submit to be dragged back to the scene of his crime.

It was the sheriff, not Taylor, who made explanation to Molly.

"Mr. Barnett accepts facts. He is in an enemy country, surrounded by deep snow. Even if he killed me and got away from the ranch, he would be caught inside of a few hours."

"He forgets, too, my deep respect for law," he fugitive added, with his bitter smile.

CHAPTER XI

MOLLY found her father in the little room he used as an office. He was working on some accounts. At her entrance he looked up.

"Lo, Tiddlywinks," he said.

"Steve wants to see you in the living-room," she said.

Something in the girl's voice and face startled him.

"What about?" he asked.

"We've found out who that man Taylor is," she answered.

That she had captured his interest Molly knew. Silently he waited—chair tilted, strong teeth biting on a cigar—for her to go on.

"D'you remember that bank robbery at Somerton, Texas, where the president and a teller were killed and two of the bandits were shot down by posse later? There was a lot about it in the papers. Well, this Taylor is the leader of the outlaws."

"By jacks!" After one astonished moment of grasping the fact, he flung a question at the girl. "How do you know?"

"It came in over the radio—a description of him and his name. He calls himself Taylor. His real name is Webb Barnett. He must have been making for Canada when the storm caught him."

"Then he isn't one of Clem Oakland's men?"

"No."

"How come he to be riding that C O sorrel?"

"Steve thinks he was hard pressed in the Pickett Wire country and just picked it up."

"By jacks!" the ranchman exclaimed again.

"Steve has arrested him."

"It will be a feather in his cap."

"If you let him do it."

Clint Prescott turned a long inquiring look on his daughter. He wasted no words. Soon enough she would let him know what was on her mind.

"He saved my life. He's your guest. Are you going to let Steve walk off with him as though you had no rights?" she continued.

Clint knew her of old. She was trying to repress an intense excitement.



OFFICIAL REPORT

A WOULD-BE chicken fancier, having some trouble with her flock, wrote as follows to the Department of Agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find one or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens?"

After a little she received the following note in reply:

"Dear Madam. Your chickens are dead."

"What do you want me to do, honey?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter how much a villain this man is," she urged. "We're under a heavy obligation to him. At least I am, and you are if—"

"Sure I am," her father interrupted. "What do you want me to do? Talk to Steve?"

"Talking to him won't do any good. You know Steve. He's sheriff, and he'll bull through—unless you prevent him."

"How can I prevent him? Like you say, he's the sheriff. Want me to buck the law?"

"You've bucked it for yourself, haven't you? In this fight with Clem Oakland. When it wasn't with you, I reckon you've ridden over it often enough."

"That's different, girl. I can't step in between Steve and a prisoner he has arrested."

"Not even though the prisoner risked his life to save mine?" she flamed.

"We got to be reasonable, Molly. This fellow is an outlaw and a killer, unless you and Steve are barking up the wrong tree. If he's been caught, that's the break of the game. He wouldn't ask me to go to the pen to save him from the penalty of his crimes. Not if he's a game guy, he wouldn't. And this fellow is—I'll do anything for him I can, but—"

"Except the one thing that will help him," she broke in swiftly. "You'll aid him if it doesn't cost you anything. That doesn't sound like Clint Prescott, unless all these years I've been wrong about him. I've been proud of my father, because I thought he was a good friend."

"Is this Taylor my friend?"

"I'd think, if you care anything about me—"

"What's the use of talking foolishness, girl?" he interrupted roughly.

"Well, then, since you do—"

"Thought you didn't like this man Taylor?"

"I don't. He's detestable. What's that got to do with it? I've got to pay my debts all the more when I owe them to some one I dislike. Don't you see I can't desert him? He dragged me out of the blizzard when I was unconscious. He wouldn't leave me to die, though he could hardly lift one leg in front of the other. Now you want me to turn my back on him. I won't do it."

Her voice broke on a sob.

Prescott rose, abruptly. "I'll go see Steve. I won't do any good, but I'll talk to him."

She followed him into the hall. "Steve can't take him away if you won't let him."

The ranchman went fuming into the living-room.

"What's the big idea of arresting one of my guests, Steve?" he demanded.

"Call him a guest of the storm, Clint. You didn't invite him here, did you?"

"He's here, ain't he? I don't like your coming to my house and arresting my friends."

The sheriff asked exactly the same question Prescott had put to his daughter a few minutes earlier. "Is he your friend? How long have you known him? This man is Webb Barnett, wanted in Texas for bank robbery. That's why I'm arresting him. I don't reckon you have any objections."

"How do you know he's Webb Barnett? Does he admit it?"

"Not necessary. It's written in his hat."

"What is it?"

"The initials W. B."

Prescott turned to Taylor. "Is your name Webb Barnett?"

"My name is Jeb Taylor. I've mentioned that several times, but Mr. Walsh seems hard of hearing," the prisoner said.

"Take a look at the band of his hat, Clint," the sheriff advised.

Taylor reached down and picked up the hat beside the chair in which he sat. He tossed it to his host. Prescott looked at the band.

"I don't find any initials here," he said.

"No? May I look at it, Clint?" Walsh asked. A moment later, after one glance at the hatband, he laughed cynically. "I see Mr. Barnett doesn't make the same mistake twice."

Molly, too, examined the hat. The part of the band with the tell tale initials had been ripped out.

"Mr. Taylor doesn't want to be known as Webb Barnett, but he is a little too late," the sheriff continued.

"Both Molly and I saw the hat before he got busy with it."

The ranchman turned to his daughter.

"Did you see the letters W B in the hat?"

The girl's answer was prompt. "I saw

TREAT CONSTIPATION NATURE'S WAY



For constipation, you can't beat good old fashioned, pleasant tasting Lane's Tea. Made from selected herbs. Contains no harmful drugs. Easy to use. Simply brew the leaves like ordinary tea. Lane's Tea acts directly on the colon, aiding the muscular activity of the bowels and banishing out dangerous poisons.

All we ask is that you try Lane's Tea at our expense.

Write a postcard for FREE 10-day treatment.

LANE'S TEA, 106 North St., Le Roy, N. Y.

LANE'S TEA
THE FAMILY LAXATIVE FOR 70 YEARS

ACHES AND PAINS "RUBBED-OUT"

Stiff joints, sore backs and aching muscles rub you of enjoyment. Even rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., can be "rubbed-out" with Cap-se-rub Ointment, the "rubrication" method of relief. Rub in Cap-se-rub and you rub out pain. This marvelous remedy has relieved thousands since 1916. We guarantee your money back if Cap-se-rub doesn't do what we say it will. Send 25c for full size jar. Geringer & Co., 825 Walnut Street, Phila., Pa. Dept. "G".

False Teeth Repaired

Let us remake your dental plates. Thousands of satisfied customers are saving money on our dental work. Write our Dr. J. M. Batts, D.D.S., for law prices and details. We guarantee complete satisfaction.

ALGER DENTAL LABORATORIES

1362 N. Wells Street, Dept. 828-K, Chicago, Ill.

Look, Mothers and Fathers!

An Opportunity for Your Boy to
Earn and Learn in Spare Time

IF YOUR boy is at least 12 years old have him sell GRIT in his spare time on Saturdays. Every copy sold will put a liberal cash profit into his pocket, and besides he'll be able to get FREE the very prizes that bring joy to a boy's heart. More than 25,000 young hustlers sell GRIT each week, and thousands of them earn

\$1 to \$5 Every Saturday

Best of all, your boy will gain valuable knowledge and experience. He will really become a young businessman, and his GRIT business will be his own. We'll teach him how to build it up and make it pay him the greatest possible profit in addition to bringing him valuable business training that will help assure his success in life. Thousands of men in the top ranks of business today credit their success in large measure to the experience they gained as GRIT salesboys.

If you have a boy (or know a boy) 12 years old or over give him this opportunity today.

Send the Coupon Now!

In an Envelope or Pasted on Postcard

**WATCH, WAGON
FLASHLIGHT
FOOTBALL
CAMERA
SCOUT KNIFE
and Many More
FREE PRIZES**

Print Name and Address Below

GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.

Please start this boy as a GRIT salesman. Send his first paper, selling help and prize offers.

Name

Age Date Born Test

Street and No. R. F. D.

Post Office



NERVES Glands and Vitality



The Human Radio Network

Your nerves are the communication system of your body. When nerves and glands become paralyzed, all bodily processes shut up. Physical functions, vitality are impaired, and old age overtakes you.

ENJOY LONGER HEALTHIER LIFE

By keeping nerves and glands healthy and bodily processes in a more normal state of youth—Nance's Own Way—the restorative factors of Vital-Nerv, a Scientific Home Treatment containing a special CARBOHYDRATE, the system's own great natural restorative promotes Healthy Nerves and Glandular Vigor.

Thus Vital-Nerv promotes better health, greater vitality and a new joy of living and challenges old age and nervousness. No doctor how old you are, how you feel, or how long you have suffered, we want to prove the value of Vital-Nerv to you at once.

Accept 5-Day Treatment FREE

without cost or obligation. Also valuable FREE illustrated, descriptive literature. SEND NO MONEY! Write letter or postcard today to Graves Laboratories, Dept. B-38, 924 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gall Colic

Torpid Liver,
Gall Bladder
and Stomach
Conditions
Need
Attention

Try to avoid operation if possible. Make sure you are not suffering from a suspected cause in a safe, painless, restorative way at home. Write us the quickest time—write to promoting this little White House Ointment Company, 1818 North Penn Street, Milwaukee, Wis. For a practicing specialist's Prescription No. 69, an filler and gall bladder condition. Get literature. Send money reported as sufficient to cover for 30 days. Send under money guarantee.

ARTHRITIS! NEURITIS—RHEUMATISM

Read the book that is helping thousands! A postcard brings you a FREE copy latest edition, "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" sealed and postpaid. Address the author today—H. P. Clearwater, Ph.D., 23-T St., Hallowell, Maine

PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today, E. R. Page Co., 302-B13 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

CONTROLS KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE

To prove your own relief, The Hugo Remedy Co., Dept. 25, 728 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo., will mail postpaid to any sufferer a regular 31 day trial of Hugo's Tablets upon receipt of the 3-cent mailing costs. If relieved, pay \$1, if not, pay nothing. This offer is good now.

ASAP Treatment on Free Trial

I will send any sufferer a regular 31 day trial of Lase's Treatment by express mail. When satisfied send me \$1. If not your report means nothing. Address E. J. LANE, 487 Lane Bldg., St. Mary, Kansas

TITEPLATE Holds dental plates in all forms to the mouth. Introductory offer for 30 days. Write for details and 35c for test. 50c can money refunded if not satisfied. C & H LABORATORIES, 24 Marshall, Newark, Ohio

some initials. The first was a W or an M. Depends on which way you looked at it."

Walsh grinned, "I see my witness has gone back on me. Never mind. I'm satisfied it was a W, and that is all that matters."

"You don't want to make a mistake, Steve," said Prescott. "If I was in your place, I'd go kinda slow."

"Would you think that way about it if you didn't feel under an obligation to this man?" the sheriff asked, cocking an eye jauntily at his friend. "Seems to me I heard you singing another tune last night. Makes a difference whose ox is gored, eh? When you thought he was one of Clem Oakland's men, you were ready to throw him out on his ear."

Clint declined to make an issue of his change of front.

"This man doesn't look to me like a bank robber. I'd say he was a straight-up rider a fellow could take the river with."

"That's an opinion. I'm dealing with facts, Clint," the officer said.

Prescott turned impatiently to the other man. "Hadden't you better spill your story, Taylor? This boy is all filled up with a fixed idea. Can you pry it out of his mind?"

"I doubt it," Taylor said derisively. "I'm no bank robber, but I don't carry around with me affidavits to prove an alibi."

"You're Webb Barnett," charged Walsh, looking directly at Taylor.

The arrested man, coolly on guard, met his gaze with a mocking smile. No muscle twitched in the thin brown face. Whatever else he was, Clint thought, the fellow was a hardy devil who feared neither God nor man.

"Taylor is the name," the prisoner drawled. "Jeb Taylor."

"Have it your own way," Walsh said crisply. "But Taylor or Barnett, you're going to Tincup with me."

Molly broke in, her eyes hot and defiant. "Mr. Steve Walsh, sitting to himself for a portrait of a brave and fearless officer," she challenged.

Walsh laughed. There was this about Molly, that when she came into action it was with flags flying.

"Maybe so," he admitted gaily.

"Playing to the gallery for a re-nomination," she went on.

"And after that there's the governorship," he grinned. "And some one has to be president."

Angrily Molly turned and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XII

MOLLY did not understand the keenness of her emotional disturbance. The basis for it was not entirely her desire to pay a debt. She was profoundly shocked to learn that her rescuer was an outlaw and a murderer. To hold a grudge at him because of his bitter harshness and callous indifference was one thing. To recoil from the knowledge that he had set his face toward ways wholly evil was quite another.

Not for a moment did she doubt that he was Webb Barnett. Steve Walsh himself could not have been more sure of it. She did not blame Steve. He was only doing his duty. If he had given way to her wishes, she would later have despised him for it.

But her own position was different. She had a debt to pay and meant to discharge it if she possibly could. Infamous though this prisoner was, she had to find a way of freedom for him. If she could do that, she would be through with him. It would not matter then if he were recaptured later.

After leaving the living room Molly had talked with her father again. She had upbraided him for deserting her cause, passionately and with bitter words. Prescott had tried to explain that he had gone as far as he could, and when she would not see it, had exploded angrily and driven her from the room. He would give her no more help. She knew that. Whatever she did would have to be done on her own. Moreover, it must be something that involved no harm to Steve. For she did not intend to sacrifice his life in assisting a criminal to escape.

Impatiently she paced the floor. Back and forth, back and forth. There must be some way, if she could think of it. Steve was a good officer. He would be hard to fool, for he would watch his prisoner as a cat does a mouse. But she had as good brains as he and ought to be able to outwit him.

The sheriff and his prisoner were in her brother Bob's room. The boy had moved out to the bunk house to make a place for Taylor, and now Steve had joined the other man. He was to sleep on a cot carried in for the night. Molly had heard him tell Taylor he would be obliged to tie him to the bed, and the Southerner had advised him ironically not to trust a rope.

The girl did not understand even yet why the bank robber had surrendered so tamely. If he let himself be taken back to Texas, he was lost. She would have guessed him one to go down fighting rather than to submit to such a fate.

But just now that was an academic question. Since he had not fought to save himself, she must fight for him.

In the next room Steve was moving to and fro making his preparations for the night. The muffled sound of voices reached her. Presently the window was thrown up. She listened to the creaking of the sheriff's cot as he settled on it. After that there was silence.

That open window! From it Molly's plan germinated fast. It might not work. Steve was a light sleeper. She had heard him say so. If he woke too soon, it would mean failure.

Swiftly Molly slipped out of her dress and into a pair of levis. She put on a flannel skirt and soft-soled moccasins. From a drawer of her dressing-table she took a sharp-bladed pocket-knife. Impatiently she looked at her wrist watch. She must allow time for everybody to settle down to sleep.

Half an hour later, she stole from her room and downstairs. She opened the front door and crossed to the stable.

Buck Timmins would be sleeping in the little bedroom adjoining the hayloft, but it was not likely she would awaken him. The difficulty of arousing him was a family joke.

The bald-faced sorrel was in the third stall. His bridle was on the wall back of it. She dared not light a lantern and had to put the bridle on in the darkness, feeling her way along the animal's head and nose with deft fingers. Then she found a blanket and saddle. More than once, before she tightened the cinch, she stopped to make sure Buck was not stirring.

The crunch of the snow beneath the horse's hoofs as he led the sorrel to the willows back of the root-house set her heart fluttering. She could see no lights either in the bunk-house or in the big ranch-house, but she felt as though the enveloping shadows were alive with watchers. With a slip-knot she tied the C O horse to a young tree.

Noislessly she slipped through the darkness to the cottonwood in front of Bob's room. It had been years since she had climbed it, but in the old days she had often used the tree as a ladder to reach the window. Since then the branches had been trimmed, but she believed she could still swing across to the ledge.

The cottonwood was a short-trunked one with spreading limbs. She threw the end of a rope over the lowest branch, went up it hand over hand, and swung a leg lightly up to get support. From one bough to another she moved carefully, edging far out on the one leading to the house. Gingerly she reached for the ledge with one hand and a knee. A moment later she was crouched on it, scarce daring to breathe as she listened through the open window.

Molly lowered her head to let it pass under the casement and sent one foot out to explore for a landing-place. Her toes touched the floor and she very cautiously transferred part of her weight to them. An inch at a time, with infinite precaution, her body passed into the room.

She waited by the window what seemed to her a long time. It was necessary to creep forward silently. If she pushed against a chair her enterprise was doomed. Very gently hands and feet groped in the darkness. A floor board sounded. She stopped, in a panic of fear. An outstretched hand touched a blanket.

If the prisoner should cry out or speak! That she had to risk. Her fingers traveled along the blanket and came to a chin. One of them, the forefinger, dropped warningly on the lips above. The head nodded understanding.

That gesture thrilled her. He was awake and knew what she was trying to do. Once more they were partners in a desperate adventure.

From a pocket of her belt she drew the knife and slowly opened it. Her hand scorched beneath the blankets and found a rope. She severed it. Presently she had cut hands and feet free.

The man on the cot stirred restlessly. Molly waited, terror in her throat. He settled back to stillness.

Taylor's hand felt for the knife. She gave it to him and was aware of his

movements as he worked with it on the rope. Slowly he drew back the blanket and raised his body. The bed creaked. A sharp voice from the cot made staccato demand. "What are you doing?"

To Molly it seemed that the Southern's body uncoiled like a released spring. It plunged across the room and hurled back the sheriff as he was rising from the cot. The girl heard the sounds of deep breathing, of bodies thrashing in struggle, of a crash of heavy bodies.

A voice ordered harshly, "Turn on the light."

Molly did so. Walsh lay lax on the floor. The other man released him and rose. Both were fully dressed except for coats and shoes.

"I'll have to tie him," the Texan said. "And gag him."

"You haven't killed him?" Molly asked, horror in her eyes.

"No. Don't think so. He struck his head as he went down." Then, as he was tying the officer's hands, Taylor added: "He never had a chance. I was on him before he could get set."

"If he's dead—"

"He isn't. See. His eyes are fluttering. I'll have to stop him from calling for help." Taylor drew a handkerchief from his pocket, folded it, and fitted it into the mouth of the sheriff as a gag. With a piece of rope he tied this into place so it could not be dislodged.

After he had secured the feet of the officer, Taylor rose. He put on his coat and his boots. "Where from here?" he asked Molly.

"I'll show you," the girl said. "This way."

She stopped before reaching the door. The eyes of the sheriff had opened and were watching her.

"Can you breathe at all right, Steve?" she asked in a low voice, kneeling beside him.

He nodded. "I'm awfully sorry you got hurt," she told him.

A ghost of a smile flitted into the brown eyes. It was the smile sarcastic. If he had been able to speak, he would have told her that such solitude was touching. She understood, and was distressed. For she felt she was in a false position. Steve was her friend. He stood for law, and was entirely in the right. This Barnett was an outlaw and a killer, personally hateful to her. Yet circumstances had conspired to drive her to his side and make her a criminal too.

"I'll see you're freed just as soon as I dare," she promised, and she put her handkerchief beneath the back of his head where the blood was trickling through the curls.

Even this did not satisfy her. She went to the water pitcher, dipped the end of a towel into it, and bathed the wound with soft and gentle touch.

"We'll have to tie up his head," she said to the Texan.

Taylor brought another towel and they applied first aid.

This done, she led the way into the passage and downstairs.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Copyright, William MacLeod Sales

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with these terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was a battle; if rest and sleep are impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 84-B Frontier Bldg., 422 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out Acids and poisonous wastes in your kidneys through 8 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. But because of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Gravel, Up Night, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Cries Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. \$15.00.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Giss-tex) today.

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. FASTEETH, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, holds teeth firm. Gives you a ring of security and comfort. No gummy, sticky, nasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop law-breaking stuffed-up nose—head-brush—sinus irritation—phlegm-killed throat. Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Sinus-Back Matter. 45,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Write today!

F. L. CHENEY & CO., 31 N. BROADWAY, ALBANY, N. Y.

TOOTHLESS GUMS and FALSE TEETH—

Both feel better when brushed regularly with our new DENTOL dental toothbrush. Made of soft, flexible rubber, the weight-adjusted bristles of DENTOL gently remove every crumb of irritating dental and gum decay without scratching or hurting. Heavy brush bristles make you feel toothless. DENTOL is a pleasant surprise. Send for DENTOL today. Write today! Satisfaction guaranteed.

AMALGAM CO., 31 N. BROADWAY, ALBANY, N. Y.

PILES DO OR YOU PAY NOTHING

To prove you may be rid of Pile torture, we will send you a sample of M-ROYDS Combination treatment upon receipt of job to cover medicine cost only. Refunded, say \$1.00. If not, say nothing. WRITE TODAY.

M-ROYDECO., Dept. 155, 728 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo.

ARTHRITIS RHEUMATISM NEURITIS

Amazing quick relief without drugs SEND FOR FREE TRIAL TREATMENT OF M-T-E. We warrant their use. Write today. TOLL FREE. W. E. TAYLOR, 812 & City Bank Bldg., Dallas Creek, Wash.

CASH or Sympathy in the event of..



ACCIDENT or SICKNESS?



\$25⁰⁰ WEEKLY BENEFIT

ALSO \$10,000 PRINCIPAL SUM
LIMITED SICKNESS and ACCIDENT POLICY

Suppose you meet with an accident or sickness tonight—will your income continue? Remember, few escape without accident—and none of us can tell what tomorrow holds for us. The newspapers are filled with hundreds of accounts of sudden tragedies and misfortunes. Automobile accidents, particularly, are growing more frequent every month. It is wiser to gamble with fate, when the next moment may bring disaster.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PROTECT YOURSELF!

If you suddenly became ill—would your income stop? What if you suffered from lobar pneumonia, an appendicitis operation, or any of the many common ills which are covered in this unusual policy; wouldn't you rest easier and convalesce more quickly if you knew that our company stood ready to help lift from your shoulders the distressing financial burdens in case of a personal tragedy?

TOTAL PREMIUM
ONLY \$10 A YEAR

Can Be Paid Monthly If Desired

● Special Automobile Clause Included Without Extra Charge

Pays \$25 Weekly Benefit for stated disabling injuries sustained while riding in or driving a private automobile or by being struck by any moving conveyance.

A Sudden Accident! A Sudden Sickness! Can You Say Neither Will Happen To You?

Then don't delay another day. Protect yourself by insuring in the largest and oldest exclusive Accident and Health Insurance Company in America. Send the coupon NOW FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK "CASH OR SYMPATHY" gives complete information about our new \$10,000 Accident and Sickness Policy.

Some of the Features
of this Policy

No Dues	No Medical Examination
No Assessments	

MEN AND WOMEN
16 to 69 Years Accepted

\$10,000 PRINCIPAL SUM

\$10,000 Loss of hands, feet or eyesight

\$25 Weekly Benefit

for Stated Accidents and Sickness

Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefits, Emergency Benefit and other liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy. This is a simple and understandable policy—without complicated or misleading clauses. You know exactly what every word means—and every word means exactly what it says.

Over \$22,000,000 Paid in Claims!

Under Supervision of 47 State Insurance Departments

Largest and Oldest Exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company of America

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO

454 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Established 1886—50 Years



Agents Wanted for New Territory

----- FREE BOOK COUPON -----

North American Accident Insurance Company
454 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen,

At no extra cost to me mail copy of your
FREE booklet "CASH or SYMPATHY."
There is no obligation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

City _____ State _____



FIG. 10.—MAMMOTH BONES OF EXTINCT QUARTERLY MAMMOTH FROM COLORADO, SHOWING
RELATIVE PROPORTIONS TO CORRESPONDING BONES IN THE ELEPHANT (A).
(From the "Scientific American.")